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Wild Flowers of the West,

OR

Gleanings from the Stubble

BY

AN OLD PRAIRIE HEN.

Mrs Catherine V. N

Plow or pen, when idle, rust,—
Life is short and shallow.
Many people buy to waste,
Others lack for tallow.
Labor does not always win
Comfort, wool or rugs,
But tender vines and leaves are eat
By the shiftless 'tater bugs.

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DEDICATED TO

MOTHER O'LEARY,

Whose lamp lighted the funereal pyre of Chicago, and waked the dead hopes of thousands through purgatory to the milky-way of human kindness, born of no creed but the God-like one which "makes the whole world kin."

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SALUTATORY.

The publication of this collection was not prompted by conceit in its merits, but by a financial crisis, which compels us to use every talent—mental and physical—to win bread. The world owes it to no one—in our estimation—who is not willing to work for it (if able).

In no city but Chicago would we offer these effusions; for within her limits individuals (with one talent) can find the way open to success—even to competing with those who possess five. Her philanthropy, patronage and enterprise are broad, deep, powerful. Beggared by fire, redeemed by the bounty of the world, she is queen over more loyal hearts than any other city of the Union.

In such a field—where thousands have felt the need of charity—one can offer their wares, believing it is honorable to strive, even though you are mentally or physically weak. Thus guided by faith, we offer this book, written for pastime in idler hours and better days. If found worthy of criticism, we shall not avoid it; if fairly given, it is to a writer the stepping-stone to success and will be the only favor asked by

THE AUTHOR.

PEN SKELETONS OF THE BRAIN.

COULD I invoke, by prayer or thought divine,
Some favored bard, in this or ancient time,
To drop his mantle o'er me, with the power,
I might win fame, in this my natal hour.
It might seem vain, should I attempt the prize—
But then the bait before these longing eyes
Inspires my muse to step an easy measure,
And try my talent for this golden treasure.

All cannot win, however much their pains,
For still the many show some lack of brains.
The mind, like mother earth, is full of seeds;
Too rapid growth bears ever rankest weeds.
The rarest blossom is the century plant—
Thoughts of a lesser growth would pass for rant.
Judged by this standard, few would ever brave,
Or launch their frail bark on the crested wave.

For the old classics, with their ancient lore,
Would strand them quickly on some treacherous shore.
O'er-ride their logic with their graver wit,
And send them down to Hades in a fit.

But Greek and Latin are not now our need—
We have less brains and more of dolts to feed.
Thus, modern writers have out-crop'd the grass,
And spread their foolscap greenness near the glass.
Daring the classic eye of every fellow
Whose wine of wisdom is both rare and mellow.

Gold tempts the diamond pen of thought to write
for glory—
Many for bread do rack their brains to write a story.
No gleam of truth must lurk beneath the fiction,
With no grammatical mistake in point of diction.
Just thirty pages must the story cover,
Debarred acceptance if there's any over.
Could thoughts but flow as easy as this ink,
What pearls of wisdom would my pen here link.

But when I write, and scratch to write again,
I feel by faith I never was ordained
To scatter mustard-seed in earthly garden,
Or win by literature not e'en a "Dolly Varden."
'T is then I feel I'm doomed to loose my dinner,
While on the anxious-seat for bread, a miserable
sinner.
I know one-half the world are scribbling delusions,
While truth is struggling for the right amid the dire
confusion,

But what's the odds, if all the world is happy as a lark,
No matter if the preachers groan, and all the growlers bark.
Fashions and follies rule the hour—logic 's a bore ;
The time 's too fast to stop and read the sage's lore.
The Pilgrim Fathers did not have so much to read :
Their heirs begin to look as though they 'd gone to seed.

Why are the heads of young and old getting so bald?
Ah ! at the sight, when I look around, I grow appalled.
Does wisdom on our steps attend ? or we progress?
What makes the Anglo-Saxon race grow less and less?
The poor, they hunt for daily bread—their greatest need,
Are satisfied if they are fed, and give no heed
To all the styles that flaunt them by on dress parade,
Who never think, as they whirl by, who sets the grade.

All plan their life as though not born to die,
Nor how the poor man with his spade will measure where they lie.
How few in life do stop to heed, there is for those who revel,
One place—where rich and poor alike must rest on common level.

Contamination in the touch of fingers white to serf,
But his brown hands the last to smooth above them mother earth.
How wise it is, distinctions here reach not beyond to God,
Where alienated souls in life are one beneath the sod.

ODE TO THE BELLS.

THE bells ! The bells !
How their music floats
O'er the storm,
And the soft summer air;
Tolling the grief of dying and dead—
Calling the Christian to prayer.

Chiming God's praise,
On each Sabbath morn ;
Ringing to work in the morning—
Calling the Godly
And Godless alike,
Cheerfully, never in scorning.

Echoing ever,
The joy and the pain.
Marriage bells gleefully ringing :
Joining the chorus.
When warriors come—
Of glory and victory singing,

Who can withstand the charm
Of your chimes.
List not the tone for your story?
From the fair-haired child,
Just learning of life,
To the old man aged and hoary?

Who can forget
The wail on the air,
Blended with sin and with sorrow,
Pealed by her bells,
As Chicago went down
To her death and despair, on the morrow.

Ring on forever, the weal and the woe,
The matins for life without number
Well for us all 't is not given to know,
When or where we must slumber.

NIGHT.

NIGHT folds her mantle o'er the world,
The balmy air grows sweet,
While tired nature seeks repose—
Rest for her weary feet.
They 've pressed the heather since the dawn
Of morning's early sun ;
Are glad to note old Sol's decline—
Their daily duties done.

Life has no richer boon than night,
To weary mortals given ;
For sleep, the great restorer, brings
To them an earthly Heaven.
The fevered blood, cooled by the dews,
Pulsates its course more slowly ;
While folded in the arms of sleep,
In quiet posture lowly.

Some tossing on their couch of pain,
When sultry suns do simmer—
Count the slow hours and weary wait,
To see the first star glimmer,

How cold they look, so far away,
And yet their soft light stealing
Among the feathery clouds above,
Do harmonize the feeling.

I watch your glow, these stilly nights.
The restless world forgetting,—
Ah ! you out-rival in your shine,
The diamond in its setting.
How still the air—hush'd every breath—
Of wanton breezes playing,
It seems as if the breath of prayer
Around the world were straying.

How beautiful is life—how sweet
Her nights for peaceful slumber,
When all forget, in quiet rest,
Their sorrows here to number ;
Far from the haunts of vice and sin,
These clover-scented meadows,
Bring to my soul a hushed repose,
'Mid night's cool evening shadows

MY PATCHWORK QUILT.

THE old-fashioned "Quilt," had a long life-lease,
Bequeathed by the maker, to daughter or neice.
The "Rising Sun," in pink, graced the best chamber-bed,
While the "Double Irish-Chain" covered nightly two heads,
That, like lion and lamb, lay peaceful together,
With never a fear that one or the other,
Had seen an "Affinity," or been sheepishly told
That either, by mistake, were in the wrong fold.

The Almanac hung on the wall by the Clock,
To note the moon's changes—with anecdote stocked.
The Family Bible, and Webster, not bridged,
A little "Black-Strap," and a "Tee-total Pledge,"
Were the full of life needed, for stomach and soul,
In these old-fashioned days for the Godly, I 'm told.
Theharvest-moon came when the summer was spent,
But to young, or old, winter brought no discontent,
For no worm at the root caused their roses to wilt,
As they blended life's colors in a "Patchwork Quilt."

If their faces grew homely by toil, or the sun,
They ignored the fact when their day's work was done,
And, offering a prayer for blessings here sent,
Loved and worked for each other in perfect content.
All the "Olives" that came, by their Bible foretold,
Each one found a welcome within the home fold.
With a fair show of girls, the rest of them boys,
Swelled a good baker's dozen, to sweeten their joys.
With Apples and Cider, and the boys making stilts,
Brought the need, every year of a "Patchwork Quilt."

The wife spun and knit all the family socks,
And the girls wove the cloth for dresses and smocks,
The buzz of the spinning-wheel, and hum of the bee,
With the "Katy-Did" notes in the old elm tree.
Were the only sounds that disturbed the still air,
And peace and content seemed to dwell everywhere.
For newspaper then gave nightly no shocks,
Of the rise or the fall in cerals or stocks.
And the "Old Pilgrim" felt, on the "rock" he had built,
Would never come harm to his "Patchwork" or "Quilt."

The corn-house well filled; in his Stocking-Bank, money;
Plenty of rye, and hives filled with honey,
Warmth in his heart towards God and the poor,
Giving to all who sought alms at his door.
Content to live by the sweat of his labors,
Loving his own wife better than his neighbors'.
How smart he looked, as to "meeting" he went,
And the tone of his voice, harmoniously blent.
For, true to life's principles, he felt no guilt,
And his dreams were untroubled, neath the "Patchwork Quilt."

PART SECOND OF THE NEW VERSION, AND THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

THE Past and the Present no comparison know—
The men live to fault-find—the women for show.
And the next best thing, as a matter of course,
Is a Civil Suit to get a Divorce.
For Man, years ago, did print this fable:
That Woman was mentally weak—not able
To win by her brain, neither dime or a collar—
Had no need of a purse, and seldom a dollar;
Contented should live, in the house Jack Built,
And merrily sing, with no Patchwork Quilt.

If a couple get married, their honey-moon life
Is soured, too oft, with another man's wife.
Just read in the papers, made up by a male,
Of the gossip and slang, on poor woman frail—
How he howls about dress, her ties, and her hair.
Her bustle and hoops drive them all to despair.
Racking his brain, and wasting his taper,
To growl, when her BUSTLE makes sale for his paper.
He forgets, when he swells in linen so nice,
His father wore home-spun, and a cotton shirt—thrice.

Comparing notes on the twain, the price of his tiles,
Compels her to rejuvenate her old styles.
While his games with a cue, cards, women and wines,
Swell the drafts on his banker—not the family he dines.
Her allowance—a third—for supplies and the crib,
His—two-thirds—for society, dog, horse and quid.
No wonder she sighs (like Maud Muller), when told,
Her charms they have faded, her face growing old,
As she ponders the words, still thoughts lie deep,
Cooing sweet lullabies to baby asleep.

No wonder she sighs for old-fashioned ways –
One shirt for three Sundays and one for week days—
For a man who is willing to work for his bread,
Who would smile at the advent of each baby-head.
What cares the mother for diamonds and puffs,
And all of the shams which society stuffs?

Facing the flattered. with compliments neat,
Plenty of dress, with too little to eat ;
Plenty of show, and plenty of shame,
Everything mix'd, and no one to blame.

Woman's life is made up of patches and piece,
A mixture of dress, of scrubbing and grease,
With threads of fault-finding, strung in together,
The wear and the tear, underpinned with sole leather ;
A smattering of music, of Dutch and of French,
Then next in the kitchen, working just like a wench,
Smoothing the linen of husband's shirt-front,
Who, abroad, "smiles blandly"—at home, says I "wont"
Answer the demands you make on my purse,
Yourself and your brats are a bane and a curse.

If life is a burden to woman, what then?
With one way to earn money, only lawful to men ;
And that, too, because they are selfish in lust,
Daring not for a moment each other to trust :
Coveting mostly ; their Bibles not read—
But a "sheep's-eye" at his, puts a hole in some head.
Who growls the most if the babies are many,
And wishes to God they had less or not any?

Who has tempted the woman, since Adam's first
birth,
And scattered the plague-spots that darken the
earth?
What becomes of the babies? Who answers the cry?
Is it always the mother? and never great I?

Who buys with gold the price of a name,
And leaves to his victim a life-time of shame?
Who supports all the wrong? betrays all that's right?
I ask you these questions, like a Christian, to-night!
When you rail about women, you should not be loth
To admit, there are many betrayed by man's troth.
While ranking the masses together, I can
Show women outrivalling, in courage, the men.
While you think it her fate to sew and to tuck,
He who faces a cannon does not always show pluck.

MORAL.

In truth, there is virtue to do and to dare,
The right, in our youth, while blossoms are fair,
"For they who belie a good name, are worse
Than the thief, who purloins your money or purse."
What if "Patchwork" to-day is much out of date?
To mend many morals may not be too late.
The color of kindness to laborers in deed,
Would piece out a friendship for some future need.

While the "Double Irish Chain" of love for the cook,
Would lessen desire from our pantry to hook.
And the blocks of contentment, window-sashed all together,
Would keep us good-natured in all kinds of weather.
The "Autograph Piece," sent in by a friend,
Would remind us of kindness, and help us to lend.
And the "Log Cabin" style, of pioneer life,
Should refresh old memories, unvexed by their strife.
While the "Pure White," outlining the orange and blue,
A reminder to ever be faithful and true.
The "Basket," a lesson of frugality in store,
Turning, empty-handed, no one from our door.
And the "Star" of our pride, in the room overhead,
Would be a haven of rest to some weary one led.
Then the milk of human-kindness would never be spilt,
If we pieced good-will together like my "Patchwork Quilt."

THANKSGIVING IN 1800 AND 1873.

NEW England! New England!
How bright with good cheer,
Are thy homes, when the day of thy pride—
Thanksgiving! is here.
There are great turkey gobblers,
And pumpkin-pies, big,
With a coffee-brown glow
On a nicely stuffed pig;
Chicken pies, the size
Of the largest tin pans—
With oysters, and turtle soup,
And plenty of clams;
Cakes, cheese and cookies,
With tarts, I delcare,
And six kind of pies,
To make the meal square.
Nuts from the tropics,
The choicest of wines—
Not forgetting the cider
When New England dines,

All kinds of preserves,
Which I came near forgetting,
With jams, and with jellies,
On the table are setting.
Every kind of a vegetable
Raised on the farm,
Makes life here pleasant,
And the Thanksgiving charm
Is sweetened by knowing
You 've laid up a store,
And thankful you come
To pray, and adore.
The wife, with her jewels
And laces so fine,
With rare old china,
From off which you dine;
Quaint old silver,
Solid and pure,
Made, like the Pilgrims,
To wear and endure.
Great hospitable hearths,
Whose fires, ever bright,
Shed its glow for the rich
And the poor just alike,
With the warmest corner,
For the dearest one kept,
And the old easy-chair,
Where grandmother slept.

The patriarch's word
Was his bond in a trade,
For he never tried
His debts to evade.
Such was life in New England,
Not fifty years since;
Comparing notes with them,
It makes me here wince.
For our Thanksgiving days
Are quite shoddy grown,
And I fear that our anthems,
Though lofty in tone,
Pealed by the organs
On the soft air,
Reach not to God
Like the breath of their prayer.

LOVE IS LIBERTY AND ABIDETH WITH SLAVERY.

LOVE came with life to nature's first born,
To abide here—a joy forever.
And nothing can change, tho' wide we may range,
Or the wealth of a pure love sever.
Tho' the world may flout, the skeptic may doubt,
It still lives for saint and for sinner,
And, because it is strong, will overcome wrong,
Victorious at last as the winner.

It dawns for the mother, like breath of the morn,
When the child her Maker has given
Lies asleep on her arm, unconscious of harm,
This mother-love never is riven.
No matter what changes life brings to the pair,
Nor how wide apart they may wander,
She cannot forget the soft silken hair,
Or how he daily grew stronger.

In weal or in woe, as the years glide apace,
The lullaby sung o'er the cradle,
Has a charm for the twain, that lulls all pain,
To stifle which nothing is able.

Who ever forgot, disgraced or in crime,
Forsaken by father or brother,
Tho' all were estrang'd, and everything changed.
He still had his God and his mother.

Love came with the song the Pilgrims first sung,
In spite of a monarch controling,
Hym'd to the storm, by freedom's first-born,
When the wild waves and billows were rolling,
Toss'd on the breast of Old Ocean's white crest,
Like children they wept for each other,
Tender to feel, but fired with a zeal,
Tyranny never could smother.

To these hearts brave, o'er their life on the wave,
Came visions of hope ever stealing,
That on foreign strand, they once more would stand,
God's love nevermore here concealing.
This love proved so strong, that might had to yield,
And the minions of monarch's now slumber,
Unshrived by a priest, where death did release,
Though doubling the Pilgrims in number.
Love of country endures the changes of time,
Will bask in the smile of no other,
That was nursed a free-born in tempest and storm,
With Liberty's God for its mother.
No sublimer truths has history taught
Than is written on wave, rock or ages,
And the pen is not made or diamond tipped yet,
That can write all the whys on man's pages.

Love has spared the slave from death and the grave.
From wild beast, when stealthily hiding
To prove the truths taught, to them in their youth,
That God and His love was abiding.
No trial could shake, so firm was their trust,
Their belief that this nation would sever
The riveted bands, corroding their hands,
And leave them untrammel'd forever.

Though their Bethlehem Star had not glimmer'd yet.
Their patience could bide its probation,
The dawn of the morn, the refuge from storm.
Was LINCOLN and his great PROCLAMATION!
That came like a whirlwind, sweeping away
Old claims, grown rusty for ages,
Now doomed to despair, lost on the free air,
With no life but in old musty pages.

Avaunt, then, ye doubters of a love that gave birth
To a nation's repentance in sorrow.
A faith newly born is never forlorn,
With God and the love-lighted morrow.
To those who rail of love and its dearth,
And think we all hate here each other.
I will point them to God, the faith of the Slaves,
The Pilgrims, and love of a Mother,

TO THE FIRST BABY-BOY—GREETING.

JOY to the dearest,
Happy and blest
With thy sweet baby-boy,
Asleep on thy breast.

No dearer love
Has God ever given—
Mother's warm breast
Is baby's own Heaven.

How your hearts throb
With joy at his birth,
Closer the bond
That unites you on earth.

How you clasp
The bewildering elf,
No idle dream—
He belongs to yourself.

Nay, dear mother,
The love-work is thine,
To train thy boy
For a holier shrine.

God, in his love,
Has lent, not given:
These little angels
Are wanderers from Heaven.

May the bright dreams
You weave for the boy,
In the far future
Be free from alloy.

Now to your hopes
He is fair and as bright,
As the glow of the sun
On a sweet summer night.

THE CHIEF OF '49.

His Covenant—How Kept. The wail of the winds in the Rocky Mountain pines only answer.

THE brave and the fair pass out in the wold.
To meet on this earth again never;
And the years glide on, like a dream that is told.
While time, it abideth forever.
Who can reck of the way, the weal or the woe.
Of those by one fireside tended:
To us poor mortals not given to know
What fate in our lives will be blended.

The paths looked fair our feet might tread.
We saw not the grey of the morning;
Moving on each day, by some new fancy led.
That was ever the wayside adorning.
But the clouds gathered fast, though seeming to creep.
The homestead with shadows was shaded;
And the brown heads pillowed on one loving breast.
To all but their fond mother faded.

No hopes, fond mother, were dearer than thine.
That went out with children's to-morrow;
Yet thy loving eye saw not the tall, dreary pines
That wailed forth thy heart's greatest sorrow.

Thou was not to know that fate had decreed.
On Sierra's highest lone mountain;
Thy heart for the eldest born ever should bleed,
Whose fevered lips failed at the fountain.
Fame for the hero who led this brave band,
To work out his pathway to glory.
Is echoed for Fremont, all over the land,
But to you, what a sorrowful story.
He only is brave who shares with the tried
His bread with his comrade in danger;
List! the wail of the pines, on that lone mountain side
Whisper: Fremont was alien and stranger.
Thy brave boy died, with the gun by his side,
That drew blood from the fleet deer bounding;
And that desolate band gathered round to divide,
E'er that lonely shot's echo had sounded.
One piece for himself he kept from the spoil.
On that last day of hardship and sorrow;
His path was beset with danger and toil,
And food might not come with the morrow.
God and the stars only know when he slept,
Uncaress'd by a wife or a mother;
But the few who survived that disastrous trip.
Say, to them, he was more than a brother.
Fremont may be brave, where fame points ahead.
To win by his daring some honor;
But what says the world, to the dying and dead,
He left in distress, by dishonor.

The promises made were sacred, not kept,
Bold mountaineers scorned his endeavor;
Had he stuck to those brave men,
They would not have slept
In those wild mountain passes forever.

Their desertion and death, without food or guide,
Was glossed by a plausible story;
For the duty most plain, was ignored to gain,
And win by new ventures more glory.

Fame is the great prize that lures many on,
Oft chills all the better emotion:
But the Giver of all, who the world spat upon,
Was the type of a higher devotion.

Thus thy boy who braved the tempest and cold,
Half starving, divided his dinner;
Showed a braver heart than his chieftain so bold,
And proved himself less of a sinner.

That fond mother's hair, so silvered by time,
Nearly spun her earthly probation;
The truth long concealed, the fate of her son,
Overwhelmning its sad revelation.

Despair at his heart, through danger and storm,
For weeks in those mountains so hoary;
He cheered on his comrades, way-worn and forlorn.
Such deeds pave the pathway to glory.

Lovingly inscribed to the mother whose eldest son died of starvation in the Rocky Mountains, with eleven other brave men, abandoned to their fate, in 1849, by John C. Fremont.

TO MRS. L.

WHILE drinking my tea to-nigt, by myself.
And nibbling away at a fritter,
My husband walked in with a long, knowing phiz.
And passed, without comment, a letter.
How happens? it is torn? I asked with a frown.
While my face wore the look of a fighter.
"Oh," answered my spouse, "I read not a word;
Only peeped at the name of the writer."

"Curiosity, of course," I replied, with a sigh,
"Was a legacy left only to women,
While never a son, since Adam was born,
Has stumbled like Eve, in their sinning."
I would not venture a moral to point,
But quietly kept my tea drinking,
Yet nevertheless, Mrs. L., I confess
My brain grew crazy with thinking.

How we poor mortals are tempted and toss'd
On life's heaving sea of commotion,
While we dream other barks are more frail than our own.
Though perchance you think it my notion,

If it is, I shall lay the charge at your door,
Nor admit it might be the fritters,
For a very weak brain is made weaker, you know,
By an old black bottle of bitters.

Now, doctors I know, much given to drugs,
No matter what country or clime,
When they get nonplussed, depend on the nus,
And make the weak stronger with wine.
Some days I feel like Sampson—so strong—
I annoy my friends with my visits ;
Then again at the window, my long, doleful face
Is suggestive of doctors and physics.

Thus your long, loving letter, white-winged as the dove,
Came down on my vision to-night,
And the smile on my face, o'er the heart grew apace,
For your loves and your dreams are so bright.
May they ever be thus, no shadow or care
To darken the years as they glide,
Then life's brightest page, in the grey of old age,
Rich harvest will bear, far and wide.

Forgotten the days, full of anguish and pain ?
Dear friend, I never forget.
Too many dark clouds have shadow'd life's path,
They live in my memory yet.

If all the dark days are remembered, why not
The bright and silver-lined hours ;
A bright, smiling face to a sick, famished heart,
Is as sweet as the breath of spring flowers.

Despair, like a pall, oft shadows the room
Where the sick moan the long hours away,
How little we think of the few idle words.
Causing pain no skill can allay.
Your face, photographed by the camera of mind,
Gleams out mid the bustle and strife,
And I dream in the sun of the good work you done
When you taught me a new love of life.

"GET FOR'ARD, JANE!"

"Say, Sis, I believe I never did tell
About my trip into Cairo?
If you 've got time to listen, all well.
As the weather outside is to zero.
"Outward bound" for Egypt, you know, "buying corn,"
A cold and bad night for travel,
I stepped into the depot, feeling forlorn.
For a wheat spec had dwindled my gavel.

"Here, flat on the floor, I saw a queer sight—
Of old shawls made into bundles;
And I stood for a moment, confused by the light,
To look, while my moustache I fondled.
I concluded some hovel had spilled a whole nest—
Counted thirteen, all told, of the brats;
They slept very sound on the hard floor, at rest—
How I roared when I looked at their hats!

"A little old woman, with nut-brown face,
Wore a bonnet, the size of our scuttle,
Devoid of a flower or a bit of stray lace,
And beside her an old junk bottle.

The dad of the crowd, his face deeply hid
In a plug, with hair like a bur;
Beside him, asleep, was a knee-patched kid,
Holding string that was 'tached to a cur.

"The train-bell sounded—"All aboard!" cried the bess.
Great God! how their Noah Ark tumbled,
As, waked by the roar of incoming train,
The whistle, and wheels as they rumbled.
The old man gathered his kids; the dame
Her bags of lunch and the bottle.
"Get for'ard there, Jane!" the old man cried,
"See! the engineer's hand 's on the throttle!"

"'I vow!' said daddy, 'Jonathan Green
Does pester me more 'n the whole lot!'
But the face in the coal-scuttle could not be seen,
As down in the seats they all sot.
I knew she was worried, tho' dressed not in silk,
By the way she cuddled her twins;
And the old junk-bottle, full of sweet milk.
'I swear' I had quoted it gin.

"Jonathan Green was found in the rear with the crowd,
Bumping around after new-fangled notions.
'You allers was snoopin',' said his sire, aloud,
As he collared his pedals to motion.

Then out came the lunch-bag, tied with tow-strings,
Running over with corn-bread and bacon,
With links of Dutch sausage for each little thing,
Although you may think me mistaken.

"I became quite enamored with the little brown face—
Not rough, but kind ways of the pair,
And I said to myself, as I staid my slow pace,
Love in life makes a poor meal square.
I questioned: 'Dear sir, what caused you to move,
With so many small lambs in your flock?'
Ah, Sis, I forgot his swallow-tail coat!
His neck in an old-fashioned stock.

"He replied to my query:—'His Karliney state
Had not any schools—only cotton;
With these little chaps, came family fate
To leave institution so rotten.
His soul for his country was hungered—no love
In the South—'t was full of disorder;
He was looking for land for his squabs and his dove.
Where the flag floated still—o'er the border.'

"I forgot I was soured by losses, I declare;
The cloud passed away and the mist.
For those quaint old people had babies so fair,
That I did not shun e'en a kiss.

Thus they came with the flock, as they 'reckoned' it
best,
Before any more were born,
And there, with our faces toward Egypt we met,
He to raise, and I to buy—corn.

"THE MOTH AND THE RUST:"

OR,

Do we Win if we Buy.

We buy and we build, but enter not in,
No matter how fine we may model;
Adrift on the tide of life's ocean wide,
In spite of sail, anchor or paddle.
Fame glitters for some—the star of their dream,
High over man's steeples so tall;
Ah! he wakes to find the moth and the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

Some buy the world's friendship with gold and its dross,
Some cater with dinners and wine;
So long as it lasts, they have many friends,
Who ever are ready to dine.
Let misfortune overtake such a man in the race,
Do his friends come then at his call?
Ah! no; they have gone; the moth and the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

Others delve and toil with muscle to win,
To keep naked want from their door,
And yet never find one-half what they seek,
In all the world's great, goodly store.

It may be no fault of the muscles that strive,
But the shops where the devil has stall,
Has tempted too oft; there the moth and the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

The sailor, far out from the shore, on the main,
Sings merrily his sea-songs loud,
Never minding the wind, though a tempest it blow,
Or a watery grave and no shroud.
His life on the wave, so careless and free,
In mizzen-mast, listener for call,
Ah! he sees not below: the moth and the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

Those adventurous spirits that dared the wild shores
Of Afric and cold Polar seas!
We have waited so long for tidings from them,
Only rumors come back on the breeze.
Far from civilized haunts, deep mysteries to solve,
Not so far but God did them call,
Where, the wild ivy-vines, the moth and the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

Many think, on life's wave it is better to drift
With the current, if one would succeed;
I prefer a stout oar, with a strong self-will
To back, when I find there is need.

From the follies of fashion that wreck fondest hopes,
O'er the homes of thousands spreads her pall,
If you dare not say no, the moth and the rust
Will be creeping—will cover you all!

Others draw nice distinctions, think it quite impolite
To refuse to take wine with a friend;
Such have business enough, in a few short years
Their habits and morals to mend.
The little word no, is buckler and shield,
A pennant for low mast or tall;
I flaunt it toward fashion, where moth with the rust
Is creeping—has crept over all!

The fair and the frail, whose life on the pave,
Is shrouded in darkness and night,
On a fond mother's breast, were pillowed to rest,
And of home were the love and the light.
If God had no love for sinners like these,
Their chances for Heaven would be small,
For the scorn of the world, full of moth and the rust,
Is creeping—has crept o'er them all!

The Doctor, from pill-bags, will dose you with drugs;
If you dare ask the name, as a lesson
He will give you a shrug, a look of the eye,
And—the "Secret of our great Profession."

But the old woman's "yarbs" with the bottled white
pills,
Knocked the cock'd-hats of 'pathy so tall;
Thus new revelations, through the moth and the rust,
Like trichinæ, is creeping o'er all!

The Preacher, in striving God's will here to teach,
By moulding doxology to creeds,
Is getting all mixed, mid the brambles and vines,
And can't find his fruits for the weeds.
Schooled on the broad prairies of these Western
wilds,
I am stifled where Pharisees bawl;
O'er the Hell of their faith: the moth and the rust
Is creeping—will creep over all!

Thoughts ever divine, were stamp'd on the brain,
When nature's great problem was born;
And the creeds of man's faith are melting away,
In the God-love that yet will adorn.
The serpent—his slime, sloth, moth and the rust,
For ages, on terrestial ball,
Have been at their work, until it has seemed
They were creeping—had crept over all!

But the great human truths struggle on and on,
Toward a light that is dawning for them;
For you can't stop the growth of reason in a soul,
If you feed it with bigotry of men.

This trust, newly born, long a slumbering germ,
Has led me these thoughts to recall:
That with light, truth and virtue, the moth and the rust,
Tho' creeping, could not cover it all!

Though the mammon we worship, you may think will endure,
But time yet will show this a fable;
For an unsold soul, unalloyed with gold,
In the world, shall yet turn the table."
Truth steps to the tune—grand march of the age,
And gold must with Puseyism fall,
"Let there be Light," for the moth and the rust,
Is creeping—will creep over all!

Then condemn not the toiler on sea or on land—
From saints who with sinners may meet;
You can still buy and build, but God in good time
Will "sift all the chaff from the wheat."
With love, broad and deep as the boundless sea,
God's charitas mantle will fall
O'er the human race (where no moth with the rust
Will be creeping)—to cover them all!

DOG-DAYS.

THE dog-days were heavy
No breeze in the town
Old Sol's August rays
Would melt a man down
The office was dusty,
Insurance ran low,
And I thought that a change
Would rest me, "you know. '

So, with wife, dog and babies,
And gun, at my back,
With hamper well-fill d,
For the country I packed
On hand just in time,
At the ring of the bell,
With a longing desire
The fresh hay to smell.

Every nerve unstrung
By the bustle and din,
And months of hard labor
My dollar to win.
I dare not look back,
After drinking my malt,
Lest, like Lots wife, I turn
To a "pillar of salt."

The fields looked greener
Than ever before,
As I left far behind
Each debtor and bore.
And the staff of life,
Piled in heaps 'neath the sun,
Made me feel the pleasures
Of life just begun.

For I knew the chickens
Hid in the stubble ;
I could bag them in plenty,
Without any trouble.
Home, wife and babies
Are nice, in their way,
And a man 's lost without them,
I 'm frank here to say,

But the real gist of life,
If you want to have fun,
Is a good dog, trained
To a breech-loading gun.
Leaving wife and babies
To frolic together,
I strap'd on my game-bag,
To brave wind and weather.

Feeling more sure
Of the game I could win,
Than the one you call "Bos-ton,"
Where you put up the tin.

And the hash tastes better—
I admit here the truth,
Than it does after dealing
The jack or the deuce.

Game, won by a shot
At billiards or cards,
Makes the brain unsteady,
And a man's life hard.
But a bead on a bird
Steadies brain, nerve and muscle,
And helps to win, manfully,
In life's earnest tussle.

A dapper young lad,
With news from the hunt,
Proceeds to the back door,
Not daring the front.
And bowing the compliments
Of donor, says: "Here
Are chickens provided,"
To make you good cheer.

"Bah!" says one,
"I m tired of the sight of these birds."
"How they stink!" responded
The cook, of a third.
"Neighbor P may like them,
I want none to-day,
Please hand them in
As you pass by her way."

The youngster replied:
"Her cook has left town,
Her house all torn up,
Unfluted her gown.
Some beggar, along
On this road I may meet,
With neither a shilling,
Or chicken to eat."

Another small town,
Where the quality meet,
Whose mornings are slow,
And evenings are fleet,
With nothing to do,
But growl and to play,
Because they feed low,
At five dollars a day.

To these starvlings, came chickens,
Packed nicely in ice,
Whose landlord "smiled blandly,"
They opened so nice.
But this "Heathen Chinee,"
The gift was so great,
Expressed his disgust,
At the cost of the freight.

Six dollars to pay,
With sixty to win;
Of birds, with extras.
Whose price was a sin,

Makes the soul of this sinner,
Offer this prayer:
That the orphans be fed
By these kind hunters' care.

And the gift, as an incense,
To God will be sweet,
For feeding the fatherless,
Yea, giving them meat.
And the dainty bit spurned,
At the back-door of wealth,
Will yield for the homeless,
The rich blood of health.

My moral is this:
When you hunt for pleasure,
Send no game to those
Whose overflown measure,
Makes the gift seem stale,
And cause you to think,
The birds sent in friendship,
Have an unpleasant stink.

For dog-days are dusty
And musty, you know;
And people, like flies,
Will buzz and will blow.
Should I tell all I know,
And where I have been,
It might make a fuss
For this "Old Prairie Hen."

FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT.

NATURE has hidden her truths in the deep,
'Neath the soil, the eddies and whirl ;
And since we were born for mutual help,
We should strive to learn of the world.
Yield not to misfortune, but surmount them like men,
Good debts become bad if not call'd,
"Most things have two handles," the wise way the best
Is to ring at the door of front hall.

For benefits are apt to grow old betimes,
Bnt injuries are classed with long livers ;
Thus we never know "till we pump the well dry,"
How much water we need for these fevers.
Family quarrels, "you know," and religious disputes,
Unfortunately, know no restraint ;
It is hard to decide what physic to give ;
Stirring bile oft hurts the complaint.

"Carnal sins proceed from fullness of food,"
And drunkenness makes man here a brute ;
To please worldly fools you must dance like a clown.
Dress like them, in a ring-speckled suit ;

To swell in prosperity, you have to keep pace
With the times—more often to steal;
If you feed all the "big-bugs" that flatter you most,
You must bag up a good lot of meal,

"Public men should have public minds," or the world
Will learn, when they pay the first cost,
The tax list is raised to preserve private things,
Or the greenbacks that went with the Boss.
Mr. Smoothface will say you are "Gaged" to the place—
"Ask yourself" if the question be true;
For it may prove that he has an 'axe to grind,"
Those who have not will smell out your due.

Some, under adversity, shrink like thin pork,
Not killed in the "full of the moon."
And without any pot to boil their lean stuff,
The high-toned would style them a loon.
Money is the "servant of some," but the master of more—
An egg from which vice here is hatched;
If you have no conscience, but can flourish a pen,
Soon your way to society can scratch.

But dare to be good, whatever surround,
You will find there 's a bane to enjoyment,
While the nabob, who swells in the purple he stole,
Will bid you seek further employment.

"Courtiers like jugglers," confederate with knaves,
To impose on and steal from the fools;
They need a few months of State prison diet,
And trade lessons with good honest tools.

Thus I envy no one whose sumptuous styles,
Around them they loftily fold,
For sleep to the weary is sweeter by far,
If their conscience has never been sold.
But I cherish the buds of pity for all,
May they bloom to beauty here yet,
As I by the wayside gather thoughts with the rose,
Developed by storms and the wet.

MY HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST

(Lovingly inscribed to my pets—ANGIE, HARRY. GRACIE and BUDDIE.)

AMID the woods, where I have scrambled,
The prettiest trophy of my rambles
Was a little nest. The owl may tell,
And I may own it now as well.
I admit I stole it—from the tree,
And I confess it here—to thee.
But then, it was so cunning! my
And hung suspended—oh! so high!
I thought—ah! could I only climb,
This pretty nest would soon be mine.

Thus, in my great desire to win,
I forgot to covet was a sin.
While the humming-bird, the wee'st nestling,
Ne'er thought rude hands would be molesting
Her tiny cradle, neatly made,
And hid so high, 'mid leaf and shade.
She, on her mission quite intent—
And I, absorbed by charm it lent
To idle hour. It was so funny—
To watch her weesome ways so bonny.

And thus I saw her daily, coming
On busy wing, while often sunning
Among my flowers, scarce touching feet,
While sipping flowers ever sweet.
I noticed, too, she came and went
With cobwebs, pick'd from off the fence ;
Where 'er the spider spun with care,
She gathered every bit was there.

I was bewildered—the little thief—
Her actions, sure, were past belief ;
What could she want with silken threads,
That thus she gathered spider webs ?
She came and went, on pinions still,
Working for love —her own free will—
And I intent with eye to see,
Traced her at last to locust tree.

She brought such bits of bark and feather—
With cobwebs wove them all together—
No baby-crib was half so neat
As the one she wove with bill and feet.
On tiny twig it was deftly hung,
By June's soft breezes gently swung ;
From cotton-tree she picked the moss,
To make the inside white and soft.

For seven days I watched her work,
While I around the tree did lurk,
To peep behind the leafy screen,
When I saw two eggs just like white beans.
Dear little builder, it is not fair
To take your nest, so cunning—rare—
For you will miss your summer pleasure !
But I ! ah, I ! shall have your treasure.
In darker days my heart may tune
To memories of a by-gone June.

Then once again, the morning hours,
With the cool, soft air, the fragrant flowers,
Will backward turn the flight of time,
And I shall see the wild woodbine ;
The sunny porch, the easy-chair,
The pleasant life so free from care ;
The loves and friendships, warm and kind,
Forever kept in heart and mind.
These will, at sight of thee, unfold,
And gleam like diamonds set in gold.

The little children of my neighbors,
The interchange of friendly favors ;
Neglected toys, by barn and path,
The frolics wild, and merry laugh ;
The cookie-jar, where stray feet came,
And for each one, and "Buddie" claim'd ;

The daily lunch I never missed,
Not half so much as morning kiss.
Those summer joys are strings of pearl,
That bind about my busy world ;
And oft to me, in silent hours,
Come these little friends—the birds and flowers.

"GRACIE AND JUNIE."

(*Sleeping.*)

SLEEPING, to wake on the morrow,
Where the mornings are cloudless and bright;
Will thy souls, on pinions unfettered,
Float outward and onward toward light.

Light for the mind, earth clouded,
Reason, long trammeled by fear;
Now mid the glow of new splendor,
Feels the soul's "Title is clear."

Sees, as the earth slowly fadeth,
How weak was the faith and the trust,
In doubting the glorious Giver
Of life could be ever unjust.

Sleeping, like buds of the forest,
Deep 'neath the mother-earth hid,
To waken to bloom and new beauties,
When the germ-life shall lift the soft lid.

At the call of the moulder, whose labor
Is ever so still and profound,
No ear ever catches the echoes,
Tho' floating eternity round.

But the soul and the bud hear the music,
Symphonied by presence unseen;
Feeling touch of the fingers that guideth,
Where "living waters" make the pastures so green.

Sleeping, these buds of your bosom,
Waiting the crown that adorns
The brow of the pure, and to waken
Where their souls will be pierced by no thorns.

Tho' blighted the hopes earth cherished,
Yet God in his love has fortold,
The "Promise is to you and your children,"
And of such "is the Heavenly fold."

May their spirits still smile o'er the shadows,
Till tenderest memories impart;
"Thy will, not ours, Oh, Father!"
To sooth the despair of thy heart.

One came in the June of the summer,
When roses were budding to life,
To brighten the ways that were thorny,
Where trials were rankest and rife.

The other, dear Gracie, the darling !
First olive that grew on the tree ;
How brief the sweet joy of her presence ;
Now the mound and the low-bending knee.

Their sleep is as sweet as the roses
We cull when the summers are warm ;
Then mourn not these buds of your household,
Safe sheltered from blight or the storm.

"TWEEDLE-DEE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE-DEE."

THERE was an old woman in Danbury town
Who wore a linsey-wolsey gown,
But what befel her, soon you 'll see,
For that belongs to "tweedle-dee-dee."

Her husband, boring for a well,
Thought he 'd bored right—oh, don't tell ;
There came up such a smell and scum,
But that belongs to "tweedle-dee-dum."

The hole it poured for days and months,
And they were forced to run the pumps,
While this old couple began to see,
They were on the road to "tweedle-dee-dee."

They barreled all the greasy ile
That under their old farm did bile ;
It was a nasty sight to some,
But they felt kinder "tweedle-dee-dum."

The old man found that he was rich,
And kakalated what 't would fetch ;
It turned out sich an iley sea,
Soon to sail them off to'ard "tweedle-dee-dee."

The faster that the ile did pour,
The bigger grew their golden store;
Until the neighbors, looking grum,
Said, these old fools are "tweedle-dee-dum."

They now decided to drop their linsey,
As times with them were not so flimsey;
While friendships grew apace, to be,
To this queer couple, "tweedle-dee-dee."

Although their hands were old and rusty,
And their idees a leetle musty,
They felt too grand to stay to hum,
Contented still with "tweedle-dee-dum."

So they bought paste diamonds for their finger,
And dainty styles did round them linger;
While I, like Zaccheus, climbed a tree,
To listen how people would "tweedle-dee-dee."

The old man in a white waist-coat,
With a lavender necktie round his throat,
Looked black as bacon cured with rum,
Loving drinks that belong to "tweedle-dee-dum."

But the old lady, aired her styles quite frisky,
And drank wine now, instead of whisky;
While young and old, of high degree,
Drank a health to them and "tweedle-dee-dee."

His greenbacks gave him "title clear."
And Colonel now he did appear;
While pride and arrogance gave their thumb,
Forgetting they ever were "tweedle-dee-dum."

Thus fashion does ignore the rough,
One only now need have the stuff,
That makes life here a silver sea,
While your boat rocks lightly o'er "tweedle-dee-dee."

Gold paves the way to marble halls.
Doth wit and wisdom both enthrall;
And none will ask if you did come,
By tweedle-dee-dee or "tweedle-dee-dum."

Thus, with spanking span of prancing greys,
When you whirl by, the world will praise;
And churches will tune their pipes to key,
To fleece you, too, with "tweedle-dee-dee."

MORALE.

A monied power is shocking, sure,
For a free country to endure;
Yet many rise by it from scum,
And vote for all their "tweedle-dee-dum."

Give us but brains to rule the hour,
Unbought by gold to wield the power,
And uncorrupted we shall be,
Twixt tweedle-dee-dum and "tweedle-dee-dee."

Then we shall grow and spread our sails,
To succor all toss'd here by gales
From foreign shores; driven here, you see,
Twixt "tweedle-dee-dum" and "tweedle-dee-dee."

Then free and fair our prayers can rise,
To the good Father in the skies;
And He no longer will be dumb,
But hear once more our "*Te Deum.*"

Dare you admit, from stile to bog,
I 've traced the lines, marked the snob,
And shown the difference, or given the key,
Twixt "tweedle-dee-dum" and "tweedle-dee-dee?"

"THE NATIONAL DISH.

(*Pork and Beans.*)

CLEAR the way for Yankee nation,
While we pay them here oblation,
For we do desire and wish,
To sing a song of their national dish.
Young or old, it matters never,
Sages wise, with dandies clever,
Ladies fine, and babies weaned,
Love the Yankee's pork and beans.

Noting always dime and fraction.
Mustering into rank for action,
If they buy a big codfish,
To save enough for national dish.
By the wayside ever camping,
Over plains and mountains tramping;
When night comes, the Yankee seen,
Jolly o'er his pork and beans.

I have heard the story strange,
When Alexis here did range,
In New York, expressed the wish,
To dine upon our national dish.

But, old Gotham thought the sonny
Of a monarch acted funny ;
Guess amalgamation is so thick,
They did not know which one to pick.

But Chicago has no noodles ;
In a bargain, sharp as Toodles ;
When the Duke came to her city,
Found her Boniface cute and witty.
Having Yankee pride in dish,
Gave Alexis what he wished ;
Graced his board and had no squeams,
With the nations' pork and beans.

Here 's three cheers for Chicago,
Never under an embargo ;
Never snobby, crying tish,
Not ashamed of Yankee dish.
In her schemes, smart and plucky,
In her friendships, true and lucky ;
Long may she reign, like royal queens,
To feed humanity with pork and beans.

Beans should, in this country ever,
Royal be to the Yankee clever ;
For they made him strong to pull,
And hold his own 'gainst Johnny Bull.
The fife and drum have piped the story.
That covered Yankeedom with glory ;
Sung how Freedom, in her teens,
Was saved by grau'ther's pluck and beans.

PRIDE—POVERTY—PEOPLE.

PRIDE—poverty—homeless—hungry—
Chill'd by despair;
Nothing to eat, nothing to do, nothing to wear;
Friendless—hopeless—waiting—
Ever depressed.
Nobody knows the cry that is strangled,
Daily suppressed.
What if the mournful eye looks the crowd over,
Hungry for bread?
Passed on the wayside in storm or in sunshine,
Nothing is said.
Silks, satins and velvets, sweeping by,
Mock at your woe.
Nobody cares, hurrying by.
Whither you go.
What, tho' you 've manfully struggled!
Are totally wrecked?
Better have saved your money
And lost your neck.
Gold, at the end, would have bought
A monument high,
Where piety, fashion, folly and vice,
Would have stop'd to sigh.

Gold-banded your deeds would have been,
High on the scroll;
How foolish to save your misirable self
And lose your gold;
Now you have neither a home,
Money, or friend;
Nobody cares to know you—why?
You 've nothing to lend.
Ha! what is worse, you want to borrow,
Have become a bore.
They who knew you in days gone by,
Wish to know you no more.
Introductions were lively when
You gave credit;
Now all of them stare, struck with a panic
If you ask debit.
Thus moves life's friendships ever along,
In gay career,
Always readyto divide your profits,
And share your cheer;
Chancing to lose the diamond
From off your finger,
The "dear five hundred" friends
Forget to linger.
Poor, miserable, cuss'd,
You know that labor,
In these degenerate days, goes
Most by favor.

Competing now, with the world at large,
You see and feel,
To be successful you, too,
Must learn to steal.
What if your mother spoil'd
Your stock in trade,
When this injunction on
Your soul she laid?—
That "honesty was the best policy!"
Modern lamps
Have thrown new lights on this old fable;
'Tis now the stamps.
To get them honest, came and went
With Salem witches;
To hold them now, in spite of fate,
You must watch your breeches.
Your legs will weaken, with no dimes
To buy your mush;
While arrogance and purple pride,
Will your spirits crush.
Hem'd round by evils, born of loss,
For such is fate;
You now, with cap in hand,
Can humbly wait;
For they who rank by gold
Above your level,
Will forget to give their finger-tips
To the shiftless devil.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

OLD memories !—how they cluster !—cling
Around our throbbing brain,
Filling our hearts with love and light
Of bygone joys and pain.
The homestead !—passed to other hands,
The stranger's foot doth press
The old familiar walks and rooms,
Where mother came to bless
And greet us kindly when returned
From wandering afar ;
She was the lodestone drawing each—
Our morn and evening star.

Of all her children, none remain—
Scattered we all abide ;
Some of us dwellers on this sphere,
The rest sleep far and wide.
The pet of all her household band,
So full of wild unrest,
Is sleeping now where flowers bloom
Above her pulseless breast.
The dear old father, bowed by years
And sorrows of the hour,
Will miss her most, for of us all.
She was his "passion flower."

Dear little sister! how she clung
To Life! how sweet it seemed;
Sweeter and dearer—day by day—
As fainter hope-life gleamed.
Your sweet, pale face! I see it still
By the window—the cottage brown—
Where you wafted me a good-bye kiss
From brother's home in town.

The greatest wish of your sad heart
I think will be fulfilled;
You now, perchance, may know it. dear,
Though you lie cold and still.
A fearful dread, that all your friends
"Would soon forget you" quite;
You spoke of one that "seemed forgot,"
And thought it "was not right."
How much you felt the kindness all
That soothed life's last sad hours,
How sunny was your sick-room made
With gifts of fruit and flowers.

For all these friends that clustered round,
Begging for just one peep
Within your room, you always had
A smile, both sad and sweet.
It was all the gift you had to give,
They seemed to feel the smile,

Upon your sad and weary face,
Grew dearer all the while.
How we shall miss you, as the days
Of each succeeding year
Recall some pleasure, joy or pain,
We shared together here.
We did not know our hearts, or feel
They were so intertwined;
Our clouds in life were often dark,
Yours always "silver-lined."

With kindly words, friends came to soothe
The grief your death has brought,
Remembering all the winning ways
Your lips and actions taught.
It is sweet to know remembrance kind
Follows your bygone days,
And nought is cherished, Angie, dear,
Of any naughty ways.
In the farm-house, home but lately ours,
Where 'er we turn we see
Some dainty thing, wrought by your hands,
That remind us still of thee.
Can we forget? nay, sister dear!
Life may have wealth of days,
But memory ever will be true,
To all your winsome ways.

ALONE.

ALONE ! amid the ebbing of life's tide,
The swiftly moving years
That bear us toward a fairer clime,
Undim'd by earthly tears.
Alone ! we have but memories of to-day,
The joys and sorrows of a checker'd life,
How near they seem at this fair Christmas time,
Unvexed by turmoil of past earthly strife.
How many hearts, like oceans'
Melancholy tone,
When storm-toss'd by the wave of trouble,
Sigh and moan :
Oh, God ! how hard is life,
Unloved—alone !

Alone ! we move along nor heed the throng.
The light or joyous glee,
The changing shadows, clouds or sun
That glimmer on life's sea.
The blight of earth has darkened all the years,
Unchecked our tears do fall.

Where the tall grass doth grow, the flowers bloom,
We see the grave, and pall ;
Bowed here by sorrows, low bending,
At the throne.
With earthly prayer ascending
In mournful tone,
"Oh, God! Thy will, not ours!"
To take or leave us still,
Unloved, alone.

WHY, WHAT AND WHISKY.

TO RIGHT a wrong becomes a sage
In past, or even present age ;
I may not claim the first by years,
Or win at best by smiles or tears ;
But still I may a moral point,
And show some things quite out of joint ;
For the past and present in review
Claim many things both old and new,
And I am sure, on calm reflection,
In one thing we've not made progression.

Although in science we rank fair,
Braving all danger to do and dare ;
Searching the seas for hidden store
To graft upon our present lore ;
Around the world to clasp our hands
And bind its weal with iron bands ;
To scale the highest mountain peak
Is now a fashion quite *elite ;*
To train fleet coursers for the main
That wear out muscle and the brain.

Hundreds of feet, nay, less or more.
We delve and dig, for hidden ore
O'er pathless plains with steam and fire,
On iron wheels that have no tire ;
Housed from the storm like meteor flashing
Our fiery steeds are ever dashing ;
From iceland seas to southern bowers
You 'll find these country men of ours ;
Great northern air-divers class'd with loons
Sailing clouds and billows by steam and balloons

But it matters not how or when or where
We walk or ride or delve or dare
You must admit the times are frisky
And modern taste caters to whisky
In miner's camp it braces muscle
Beating the toiler in the tussel ;
It wins new laurels on the stage
Too flippant makes the tongue of sage ;
All the church anthems do not rise
For we scent them dirfting down the aisle.

By blood red bloom some note and think
The clergy have to much of drink,
Since it 's become a daily passion
For young and old to follow fashion,
None dare refuse the friend who treats,
It 's not polite in hall or street.

Thus the way-side filled with idlers all,
Who every grog-shop give a call;
In fact you cannot ride or dine
But you smell vintage of the wine,
And, just as sure as you are born,
Consumes our cerals and the corn,
And thousands now, that daily beg,
Their substance drifts to vat and keg.

Thus runs the world at large to-day,
While the serpent creeps his stealthy way
From hovels low to ladies' bower,
Seeking new victims for his power.
This moral degradation sure
Has seemed to reach beyond a cure.
A hopeful friend cries "reef your sail!"
But still we drift, before the gale,
On toward a shore where rifted rock
Will every nerve and muscle shock.

Where human will and past endeavor,
Must ruined lie—aye, wrecked forever.
For mankind here, whisky afloat
Is seldom held by anchor-rope.
And no greater curse in any age,
Has history written on its page,
Than licensed law to liquor sell,
Which drags its victims down to hell;
And there the devil waits his crew,
According to theology true.

By marble halls, where justice waits,
Sometimes I stop, to estimate
The balance weight that weighs the sin
Twixt light champagne and fiery gin.
It slowly moves—I note and scratch
The difference—trowsers badly patched,
Next Mr. Cashier, cassimer'd fine,
Where oft the Judge and the jury dine.
Something has slipped, the drop is beaten,
He 'll rise by golden scales to deacon.

Where lofty walls and soften'd light,
Do guard the darkness from the light ;
The steeples high, the sacred fanes,
Holy of Holies ! where the flame,
Not of hell-fires, but of incense burning,
Will he—ah ! there from sin be turning.
Will crucify his wicked brother,
Who could not law or justice smother,
Because he did not steal, 'tis true,
Enough to buy the bench and pew.

Grave, stubborn facts are hard to beat,
They dog our footsteps in the street,
Where all the Pharisee's cry shame,
But give no water in his name.
Who came by Christian creed and cross,
To save these sinful souls earth lost.

If sin does smoulder in the urn,
Where costly incense daily burn,
And piety, befogg'd with crime,
Does with the saints and judges dine,

Why build your jails to simply catch
The man whose seat is always patched?
Just dress him up in clothes more fine,
And publish that he has resigned.
The righteous law, the Christian creed,
To do by others as our needs
Demand that they should do by us,
Who share with them the bane and curse.

The gold-bought law on which you revel,
Has vanquished right to shame the devil,
Where halls of justice are a sham,
Not worth the price of "Tinker's dam."
The Church needs scourge of Christ again,
To purify their lofty fanes,
For all bedecked with jewels rare,
Can find a seat to offer prayer.
But honest homespun finds no stall,
To serve his God neath frescoed wall,

Thus many drift to licensed hall,
While you bemoan their crime and fall,
Like the old woman's standing joke,
When on the hill the gearing broke,

Said—"she trusted God, but more the leather,
As long as that did hold together."
Thus your creeds and laws do n't seem to hold.
And if I dare to make so bold,
To say the times are surely twitching,
This female out to mend your breeching,
With grit and pluck—aye, faith in prayer,
As through your dens she guides the mare.

SILVER HAIR.

BEAUTIFUL hair, frosty and white,
Silvered by time,
Shedding a halo of love o'er a face
Almost divine.
Lines of deep care show that the years
Which glidded so fast
Have left their impress of sorrow and pain
E'er long to pass.
Linked to our life by memories fair,
Loving thee now
For thy silvery hair.

Nothing in life so pleasant to me
As an aged face,
Waiting God's summons to the goodly land
With tottering pace;
Motherly, lovingly, biding the time
With perfect trust.
Knowing that this is the fate of all—
"Dust to dust."
Tenderly, kindly, may we all care,
Loving thee now
For thy silvery hair.

Most of thy loved ones lowly do sleep
Under the sod,
Trusting and prayerful you do believe
They are with God.
Joys and grief were mingled together
In thy daily cup;
Sometimes your feet grew laggard and weary,
The wayside so rough,
But still thou wast brave to do and to dare,
And we love thee for it,
Since thy silvery hair.

Time has softened the grief of the years
Back in the past;
All the dark clouds are passing away
That shadows did cast;
Soon the bright morn of the better land
Will dawn on thy sight,
Where a loving band wait for you now,
Cradled in light.
There, we believe, by promises fair,
Your children will know you
By your silvery hair.

Memories golden, linked with a chain
Silvered by time,
Gleam like stars in the blue ether,
O'er years that were kind.

The soft, gentle hand that smoothed the way
Of days that were dark,
Until once again, in the garden of life,
We sang with the lark,
These are my jewels, guarded with care,
Bound to my soul
With thy silvery hair.

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

June 10th, 1844.

THE old brown house just under the hill,
Quaint and queer!
How oft I have shared a welcome full
To its warmth and cheer.
No fairer spot to my childish eye,
The roadside by,
Could be found in all that valley near,
To greet the eye.

Roses did climb to the very eaves,
The brown house o'er,
While the chick-a-dee sang among the trees
Just by the door,
The oriole built on the swinging bough
Her nest like a bag,
And the gophers played (I used to think)
A game called tag.

The cherry-trees, so full and ripe,
Where the robins came;
I remember how, one day in June,
An aged dame

Mounted the steps, in shaker bonnet,
To pluck the fruit,
And how the robins did fly round—
The way dispute.

They thought she picked too many cherries,
And hence they met,
As full of scold as a lot of women—
About as set,
They did contend right then and there,
This female brood,
For equal rights, the biggest share
Of cherry food.

The maiden lady had to leave
The cherry tree ;
Thus might made right, for they could pick
Her eyes, you see.
The years have sped away since then
Mid joy and pain,
But reminiscences of the past—
They still remain.

I would not—could not—e 'er forget
The house and farm ;
The great warm hearts so true to us,
Life's earliest charm.

Our wandering feet in the coming years
Have a wider range ;
But neither loves or faces new
Can the old estrange.

And thus I come here to embalm,
On this fair page,
My love for thee and the old farm ;
To hope that age,
Though silvered by the years, will bring
Nought to alloy ;
To wish the rosy June of life may end
In golden joy.

WHAT YOU KNOW ACCORDING TO SOCIETY, YOU MUST MUZZLED KNOW.

YOU know the world is moving,
And everything agog,
The fixtures topsy-turvy,
With ideas on the jog.
People very funny,
Nary two alike,
Some do pass you rudely,
Others more polite.
But Goosey-goosey-gander,
You with the world must sing.
Oh, is'n't it lovely,
Dinger-dong-a-ding,
Mr. and Mrs. Grundy
Wield a powerful sway.
Everybody listens,
Repeating what *they* say.
To pass your own opinion,
Independent of the rest,
If the general cry is "splendid,"
Will stir a hornet's nest.

How we like the punning,
Pictures that are fast,
Ridicule is very fine,
When it 's drawn by Nast.
Pictures of an old man,
Pitiable in hit,
Whose truth and wisdom,
Will outlive
The pencil-painting wit.
A life-work for humanity,
Glorious in deed,
When his powers were waning,
We gave him ridicule for meed.
But let a stage performer,
Well—Othello—try
"Listen to the mocking-bird"—
Just look at his eye.
Should you give impression,
What a load to pull,
You feel like Balaam's animal,
Quzzing "Sacred Bull."
But, like Gallileo,
You whisper, it is true,
His better part is comedy,
And aping of the Jew.
A modern built Italian,
We greet but not adore,
Who strains to make a Brutus,
And does undersize a Moor.

Riding in a street car,
With serious and funny,
Watching how the many bow
To beauty, fashion, money.
Girlish married ladies,
Lovely painted charmers,
Fearing they might soil their styles,
Sitting by the farmers.
Aboriginal in taste.
The cheaper then the more,
Many look as tho' their husbands
Kept a dollar store.
A female in an old dyed suit,
Has lots of time to look,
Never bothered with attentions,
And thus you read the book.
Poetical and prosy,
Bible, beef and beer,
Hunting "root of evil,"
To buy your dress and cheer.
But, with ladies dressed in velvet,
We never criticism try ;
Tho' we often hear them asking,
"How is that for high?"
Stopping at a hotel,
Marble, gilt and satin,
Round the room in wonder,
Baby feet are patting.

Bewildered by the elegance,
Loud in style and price,
Woke from trance by babies—
"Mamma! aint this kitchen nice!"
Darkies look astonished,
Nothing very rare,
We serene and blandly,
With a tone-y air.
At a standing party,
Little Sissy Cash,
Bowing to a gent, enquired—
"Where he ate his hash?"
Oh! "is n't she a dam-sel,"
Said vis-a-vis to Will,
Laughing in the corner
At his unpaid tailor bill.
But, whist! the game is humbug,
Betting on the sly,-
How the wool is changing hands,
To cover neighbors' eye.
How all mince together,
To my domestic look,
And I wonder in what college
Their *pere de famille* was booked.
Male and female pipers,
To gossip, mutual right,
According to society,
I graceful bow good-night,

THE DREAMS THAT FADE.

"ONE by one," life's sorrows meet us,
"One by one" our hopes depart,
Shadows haunt our daily footsteps,
Bringing sadness to our hearts.
"One by one" the dark clouds hover,
But we heed not gathering storm ;
By love shielded from the tempest,
In our homes so bright and warm.
Full of life and healthful feeling,
Caring not for darkest night,
For our earthly eye can see not
Much that 's hid from human sight.

"One by one," our earthly treasures
Come to gladden sunny years ;
"One by one" we miss their footsteps.
Leaving us to gloom and tears.
Flowers we cull'd in the sweet spring-time,
Dearer far, because thy love
Shared with us their bloom and fragrance,
With the cooing of the dove.

Wildly throb'd my heart at evening,
As I turned the paper o'er;
Can it be, so soon you 've left us,
Lottie, for that shadowy shore!

A MODERN PHARISEE.

IT may appear quite strange to some,
This heading here to see,
Yet I presume they 'll recognize.
My modern Pharisee.
And yet I find it hard to choose
The first to grace my list,
Unless I shuffle up the cards
Like gamesters playing whist.
Everybody may not know the ace
Is highest in the pack,
But we 'll suppose it Mr. A,
And start with coat of black.
Mr. A is counted preacher fine,
Has more of creed than brains,
Is dignified, like all the rest
Who Gospel are ordained.
I know the wolf, his sheep disguise,
Nor piety won't pass ;
His pulpit eloquence, my friends,
Is nought but sounding brass.
I wondered if the manna given,
Rained freel, like bread of old,

Was told this good Samaritan
Asked pay an hundred fold.
I knew of one, war-widow's bread,
Grew not on Bible tree,
But, tempted by "forbidden fruit,"
She knew my Pharisee.
Blessings shall crown the brow of him
Who has the orphan fed,
But cursed of God will be the man
Buys virtue starved for bread.
A young fop next comes in, to grace
This sullied page so white;
He looks so proud, you 'd think he was
A monarch here by right.
I know of one frail girl, so fair,
More sinned against than sinning,
Has not forgot his loving smile,
It was so very winning.
Fair ladies greet him kindly for
'T is pleasant thus to see
A silly set of females flirt,
A noted Pharisee.
Here comes a haughty woman, proud,
Whose fingers white do hold
The price of many a hard days' work,
Some seamstress' well-earned gold.

Her wants are many, and she drives
Hard poverty apace,
While thus she manages to keep
Her jewels and her lace.
Poor tireless worker—garret-housed—
Work on, nor wish nor wonder,
You 're like the fly where spiders spin,
The net is hard to sunder.
Of good deeds done, not record one,
Her old ancestral tree
Won't count for much, when God shall judge
This high-toned Pharisee.
The miser, toiling for his gold,
He counts his treasures o'er,
And heedeth not the hungry ones
Just starving by his door.
Yet all the misers do not wear
A seedy suit of clothes,
For there 's my lord and lady fine,
You sure would not suppose
They ever counted what they hoard,
Or felt a gnawing pain,
If not for bread, the gnawing comes,
They hanker for the vain
And trifling vanities of life,
While the contents of the till
Are kept for other things besides
The washer-woman's bill.

What care these misers, want and woe
Round hovels riot free,
Their only aim is greedy gain,
I count them Pharisee.

Miss Sweet Sixteen comes next so nice,
Reads Latin, French and Dutch,
Piano playing is her forte,
But mixing bread and such.
Is only forold-fashioned souls,
That know the wants of life,
My little lady hopes to be
Some rich man's baby-wife.
She thinks there is no need of work,
Yet can't live like a mouse,
Knows the "Almighty Dollar" moves the world,
And Bridget runs the house.
The old New England style has passed,
Her daddy can't keep pace,
And Young America's quite ashamed,
Of mother's sun-burned face.
Some bony hand has toiled to gain
The diamond and the feather,
She gaily sports at midnight hour,
Or morning sunny weather,
Ah! blooded heirs, like pigs, you feed,
From grandpa's crib and tree,
Your lives will rust, thus fed on husk,
My shiftless Pharisee.

The world moves on, the people blind
To human weal or woe,
And even at the end of life,
How little mortals know.
Humanity, now great thy needs,
Half understood, alas!
Since few in knowledge can compare
With even Balaam's Ass.
I dare not write the truth, or all
I note from hour to hour,
Occurring daily in the street, in hall, or lady's bower.
You 'd think the story overdrawn,
The facts not worth a flea,
Although I trace, by ancient line,
To modern Pharisee.

LINES SUGGESTED ON HEARING OF LINCOLN'S ASSASINATION.

DID you not hear the low, sad sighing
Of the breeze but yester morn?
Did you not see the arch of blue grow black as night
Fore-runner of a storm?
The clouds passed slowly o'er us gentle showers
Came softly wooing spring's first buds and flowers;
Tidings of victory were wafted here from far and near,
All shout for joy;
Old Yankee-doodle prancing felt
E'en once more like a boy.
The merry bells are ringing, banners all afloat,
How happy freedom's land, how joyous are her notes!

No dark forebodings whispered on the air
Of treacherous deeds,
No warning of a secret foe of blood
Or mourning weeds.
None dreamed of gathering tempest—
Sudden shock,
Thrilling through all the land e'er night,
Like lightning through a rock.

But hark! what means those mutterings—
Deep as smouldering fires?
Faces so white with anguish,
'Tis the news that's flashed along the wires!

"The President is dying," a bullet through his brain,
"The Secretary stabbed," but just alive,
Scarce conscious of his pain.
"I don t believe it" cries a voice from out the crowd;
"'Tis all a lie"—
When suddenly along the lines came back
"Confirmed," in quick reply,
The blow was like a thunder-bolt,
So sharp the pain
Great stalwart men shed tears like April rain.

Teeth were shut hard, lips firm, compressed,
It is an hour for grief,
But Oh! I fear the silence will be ominous and brief.
The copper-colored ones keep dark,
They dare not face the light,
For pistol shots and balls pass free
When men are passion white.
The time has passed for treason's smile;
Too keen the nations pain;
For Lincoln's blood cries from the ground,
Beware, oh wretched Cain.

The bloody stains on hands and brow,
Will brand you craven, quite ;
Your name dishonored, will pass down
Nay, damned to darkest night ;
The nation mourns, stabbed by your hand,
Her banners drapped in black,
It seems as if, to ruder times,
This war would move us back.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

IN making woman from a rib
We think God failed, Adam knew he did ;
For when he pluck'd the apple-tree
And whining said, "she gave it me,"
That very trick did bind his dear
To occupy a certain sphere ;
And thus you see that old tradition,
Has doomed all females to perdition.
If one, more daring than the rest,
Should think her life had not been blest,
And talk of rights, or dare make speeches,
Men howl at once, "She wants our breeches."
Poor simple souls, deserving pity,
(Oh no, because we do n't look pretty,)
That sterner fact would make us scout
The right to wear your breeches out,
We like the trains, the plumes, the styles,
That win us favor in man's eyes,
Have little cause to make complaint
Of those won daily by pearl and paint.
If we bide time and hoard the pelf,
We yet may own our souls and self.

Then if you're taxed, don't growl or whine,
But meekly pass your check or dime ;
Should the master come drunk as a loon,
Just set him near a clean spittoon ;
That is a sphere he never questions—
Who ever heard of one objection ?
In Paradise, Eve must have learned
When they were from the garden turned,
Her cringing spouse had master'd fate,
And she was his to love or hate.
No wonder that she was provoked
With the stolen apple in his throat ;
Knowing that she to the end of life
Must hide his sins like a dutiful wife;
And thus began her natural sphere
Which ends in matrimony here,
Thus, ever since the lines were chalked,
Behind their Adams the Eves have walked.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD LADY.

WITH noiseless steps the years glide on,
We heed not how they pass ;
Nor think our day of life so brief,
The span like summer grass.
From childhood's hour to manhood's prime
They almost intertwine,
And soon we wake to find our youth
Has reached old age's decline.

These thoughts came to me in the dim,
And dreary sun-set light,
Thus musing of the by-gone years,
To show your grief, I write ;
Long sunny days have come and gone
Since I within your hall
Stood gaily wishing all good-bye,
My first brief way-side call.

'Tis wise, sometimes, to measure not,
Our friendship by the years,
For many idly share our joys
Who shun our griefs and tears ;

We little thought that Sabbath morn,
E'er summer's sun should set,
Your smiling faces would grow sad,
Your cheeks with tears be wet;
One vacant chair beside your hearth,
An aching in your heart—
A mother's love naught can supply—
"Life has no counterpart."

Looking far back to days by-gone
Forward to present times,
I trace the wandering of her feet,
From East to Western climes;
New England woo'd the western world,
She found her prairies fair;
Her children came from far and wide,
With will to do and dare.

A pioneer, when hope was young
In the wild and distant west,
With the bold spirits of those days
She bravely shared the risk;
Time sped away the whispering winds
Around her cabin bower,
Soon changed to busy hum of life
Man's onward march and power.

Mourn not ! the withered hands are still,
Close clasped above her breast ;
Her aged form, wearied by years,
Has peacefully sunk to rest :
She's gone : and left a void within
Your hearts and home of earth,
But far beyond your vision's ken
Her spirit has new birth.

Her three score years had long been spun
In woof and web of life,
Her toils are o'er, each duty done
As daughter, mother, wife.
Her golden harvest, ripe old age
Was beautiful and bright,
From the glow of its fair summer-time
To the winter of its night.

Her life to all was rich in love
And blessings every hour,
If rightly cherished still in life
She has not lost the power
To cheer you by remembrance sweet
Of joys but lately riven,
Low bending with the angels now
She watches—waits—in heaven.

HAUNTS AND HABITANTS OF THE FOREST.

THE hunter travels the forest path
To chase the buck and the doe,
The eagle soars the clouds above
To bathe in the morning glow.
The black-bird sings in the hazel brush
While stealing corn in the fallow,
Ha! little cares he for the scare-crow high,
The trick is so very shallow.

The partridge hides on a leafless tree—
If the hunter whistle under,
He will find that the bird has never stirred,
(Which is a natural wonder;)
The quail is, ah, a deceitful bird,
"More wet" forever is singing,
But now when the fowler comes with the game
It's "owls" not quails they are bringing.

The duck she floats the placid lake,
Or hides in the marshes dirty,
From "canvass-back" to "blue-wing teal"
Their ways are ever flirty.

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
The fleetest wild-wood runner;
To bag this lively chap "you know"
Take's the eye of a practiced gunner.

The whip-poor-will sings at the twilight hour,
Her song has a cadence mellow,
I think sometimes her wild-wood spouse
Is a lazy kind of a fellow;
Just as the stars begin to peep
I listen to hear her folly,
Gossiping how he whip'd-poor-will
In a tone most melancholy.

The king-fisher soars, then swoops below,
With his keen eye on a shiner,
Caters for himself in a high-flown way;
Pray tell, is there anything finer?
The wood-pecker, hear him! at the old tree
Pecking the holes, never slowly,
Soon we shall find that sturdy old oak
Laid on the forest path lowly.

The oriole sits on her swinging nest
Through the longest days of summer,
And watches the robin digging for worms
Low, down among the clover.

The snow-bird, blithsome, happy and gay,
No matter the season, how dreary;
In sun-shine or snow, ever lively "you know,"
Pray, why? who can answer the queary?

Men, and birds, and squirrels are alike
In their ways, their wants and their notions,
Shifting and changing, never at rest,
Faithless in love and devotion.
Women, like whip-poor-wills, gossip and tell,
Pluming like ducks all summer,
Fretty and jealous—scolding their spouse
Who work for their bread like a drummer.

The prairie-hen seeks the harvest field
For the food that is dropped for the sparrow,
Where the hand of God has scattered life's seed
From hill-side to sod till'd by harrow.
With the birds, all should sing a roun-de-lay
While the plow-man is turning the fallow;
And the song would lighten the day of toil
As we watch the food grow for the morrow.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

I HAVE been this bright morn down to the beach
Lifted the anchor that lay within reach ;
Dragging the row-boat close to the dock
Where it set like a duck and gracefully rocked.
I lifted my pet over her side
And floated him off on the waters to ride ;
"Out and in, the length of the chain,"
He drifted away afloat on the main,
Looking so funny, so little, so brave,
Delighted to think he could ride on the wave.

I fell to dreaming as I looked at his face,
And tried by the present the future to trace ;
Beautiful child-hood, fair as a dream,
Nothing to darken the light on the sheen ;
Wilful and wayward, never at rest
Chasing the butterfly, hunting birds' nests :
Noting no changes of time or the hours,
Culling the honey of life mid the flowers ;
Too soon will the bloom of baby-hood fade
As the years move on from sunlight to shade,
Chilling the warmth the summer of joy,
Life's fairest days, thou frolicsome boy.

Would I could weave in web and woof
All that is good for thee, holding aloof
Sorrow and sin, follies and crime [time ;
That may haunt thy foot-steps down the valley of
Chaste as the evening prayer at grandmother's knee
May all thy earthly ways ever here be ;
Daring the right your feet will not slip,
And may life be as sweet as this kiss on your lip.

TIME LEADS THE YEARS.

TIME moves for us with rapid pace,
The past seems like a dream ;
I look in vain for olden ties,
For change lies cold between.
How strange the love our child-hood knew,
Should thus grow grey with years,
And we become estranged who once
Alike shared hopes and fears.

But such is life, short, sunny days,
Home love and child-hood graces ;
Fore-warned by time comes manhood prime
And then we all change places.
Yet the old home beacon brightly burns,
Love-lit with care and pain,
The eyes long used to watching, dim'd
With tears that drop like rain.

If toss'd apart by billowy strife
We sail not with a brother,
God grant the anchor still may hold
In shore for sake of mother.

Let kind remembrance from us all
Cheer oft our parents old;
A loving word but little costs,
To them 'tis more than gold.

Then time for us will lead the years
On toward a fairer shore,
Where "drifting sands" and treacherous shoals
Will vex our souls no more;
Where tears will dim no eye of love,
Where angels never weep;
On mother breast once more to rest
In last, but dreamless sleep.

THE WANING SUMMER.

The summer sports over
The fishers all fled,
The bait-net swings
In the boughs over-head.
Your boat rides at anchor
Close by the shore ;
And idle again
Lies the rod and the oar.
I hear no more
The tread of your feet,
Or the scratch of a keel
On the low, pebly beach.

As night throws her mantle
And shadows o'er all
I listen in vain
The haloo and the call ;
I no more can row
Ride, fish, or can swim,
Only dream here alone,
As the night closes in,
By the stillness oppress'd,
Watching afar—
Low, down the horizon
Love's evening star.

The blossoms are fading,
And golden-hued tints
On all of the leaflets
The autumn does print.
While the song of the birds
Has a mellower tone,
And the brigstest hued ones
Already have flown ;
The nuts fully ripe
Drop silently down
For the squirrel, who ever
Is skipping around
To gather them in
To his nest snug and warm,
Where he can defy
The cold winter's storm.

Do you wonder I'm lonely—
With you far away ?
The long, stilly nights—
Still longer the day ?
No plans for the future,
No home life in view,
With so much that is cheerless,
Who would not be blue ?

DEACON ABINADAB'S OPINION.

"*Signifying the Futher of Willingness*"

ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Say, Deacon, I've been thinking this morning
Of this wife, knitting here by your side;
How you both still cherish each other,
Whatever of ills doth betide.
And I thought, if you had no objections,
I would like to hear you relate
Some of the facts and romances
Since you married Miss Charity Wait.

Well, you know neice, there is many Bohemian
Whose fame has been writ up in puff,
But anything scratched by a female
To the masculin's "oh that's nothing" but
stuff.

Now you know I never was that way,
Tho' charity and I have had spells,
Yet taking the years altogether [well;
We've pulled thro' them middlin' kinder

For Charity has minded her business,
Content with her family affairs ;
It's true we've advised together
As it 'mazingly lighten'd our cares.

Young men, neice, have high-toned notions
That cost them a good deal to lug,
But I notice they abandoned them mostly
When felt takes the place of the plug.
These new fangled notions of wimmen,
I never did admire them, quite,
But provided they win, why Charity
Will go in with the rest for her rights.

She has helped me earn many a dollar,
And ever since the day we were wed,
I noticed in pulling together
Her whiffle-tree was a lettle ahead;
And I'm the last man to deny it
For I never was counted a sneak,
Tho' the world think's the tongue of a woman
Was given for gossip, not speech.

I have just a faint recollection
Of an old fashin'd stock for my throat,
But it wilted when Charity put, slily,
Baby diapers in my swallow-tail coat ;
You see we were visiting at father's
To celebrate the Fourth of July,

And had met there, young brother Jonathan
With his city bride, a regular high-fly.
Now your aunt had the bloom of the roses,
And in her wedding-dress of some shally stuff,
Looked I thought, a good sight handsomer
Than the bride, be-jeweled and puffed.
My sweet-heart in the old-fashioned farm-house
When compared to the fast city belle,
Was like contrasting that pearl on your finger
With the dinner-horn—an old conch shell.

Many think such girls are bewitching,
But, domestically they hav'nt much sense ;
While their beauty to me looks fady,
Like the white-wash on my old medder fence.
All men who have loved pure women
Whose cheeks nature's bloom doth adorn,
Know that life without a wife and the babies
Is loveless, shiftless and forlorn.

I have crossed over many a turn-pike
With men whom the world counted steddy,
Knew they were kept from the ditch and
respected,
Because their wife was strong-minded,
not gidy.

But I forgot, I was telling a story
How we celebrated the Fourth of July ;
And that I was as green as a school-boy
Raised on nut-cakes and fresh pumpkin-pie.

I own'd you see a home in the village
And felt my importance as a man,
Would allow no one to quiz me,
With a wife and baby on my hand.
Now mother was up to blinks and blushes,
Knew that Charity was scudding a squall :
And I—well, I felt like old Adam,
Led on by my Eve to a fall,
When mother fished out of the pockets
Of my swallow-tails a bundle so neat,
And I learned the matrimonial secret,—
They were made out of old, worn sheets.

This, of course, turned the laugh on my rigging.
Making me as limp as those rags ;
But I vowed I was still for the union
Tho' I saw not the stripes in my flags ;
You see it was not then the fashion,
Although it is now general rule,
To present a young bride with the "trowses,'
The linen and a new reticule.

But the stars to the union kept adding
While the stripes with the scoulding never flagged ;
Still I stuck to the girl and the babies
Tho' my shirts dwindled down to a rag.
We have traveled since then down the valley
Caring not so much for our pride
As we do for the love born of kindness
That still with our age doth abide,
But the time I was sot up for deacon
Charity thought that my chances were slim,
But religion is a good deal like politics,
Not always by prayers that we win.

Now I've thought the female question all over
And admit there are pints to both sides,
But to read much you know voids decision,
The law or the cradle to devide ;
By the way, I must tell you a joker
Which amused me so much 'tother day,
You know when playing with Teddy,
Our Enoch has a very teazing way ;
He bought a pet dog you remember—
Telling my gran'son who began to look pale,
He would own the head for his portion
And Teddy might have the dog's tail ;

But finally he decided that Teddy
Must pay as he could not afford
To divide his dog with a fellow
Who never paid a cent for his board ;
"Well," said Teddy, "that seems very funny,
And his answer show'd the joker was beat,
"Can you teach, as well as divide, sir,
The tail of a dog how to eat?"

Thus, many are hunting division
While the growlers think the devil is to pay.
But when there's a good deal of crowing,
You can't kalkerlate on a lay ;
Time will right all the mischief a brewing
And the bad eggs will rot, never hatch,
If it's right, the women will be voters ;
What's more, they have learn'd how to scratch.
I don't admire to be hen-pecked,
But they've picked for their chickens with curs,
And are toughen'd to strike for their freedom
With a bill that will carry the spurs.

Yet I hope that the much mooted question,
Where many do hotly take sides,
Will be rocked into union by the cradle,
For it's death Teddy's dog to divide.

Right is right, and none can deny it
Hold's as good for the women as the men.
When we steal all the eggs from the hen-coop,
We cant stop the cluck of the hen ;
Thus I go for suffrage with the ladies,
To right all the wrongs mortal's can ;
"Nine tailors" make a very spruce fellow,
But a good woman is the "better half of man

WAR, AND IT'S HEROES.

What is war? a theatre!
The world the broad stage,
Where heroes enact melodrama,
The bursting of canon
Is the orchestra play'd,
The foot-lights, the eye of its glamour;
It's the scourge of tyrants,
The shield for oppressed
The nursling of brave deeds and glory,
A great black demon
That spreads out its wings,
Who's pinions and plumage are gory.

War is a great trust
That calls men to arms
To bravely face death in the battle,
And never to yield
With the foe on the field,
Until death and the last shot has rattled,
When the clarion sounds wide
O'er the vale and the tide—

We note all apalled by the palor,
But we know craven power –
Must yield to the hour
For right is the breast plate of valor.

War is a great agony,
Where the nations' life
And happiness that cannot be measured,
Depends on brave men
No foe can alarm,
And the loyalty to country that's treasured ;
The roar of the battle,
It's "thunderous sounds"
Drives millions to death and to madness,
But the fife and the drum,
When with peans they come,
The nations re-echo their gladness.

War is a deep maelstrom
Drawing everything in
That is made up of brain, bone and muscle,
But woe to the clan
Who cannot withstand
The charge in this great mighty tussle ;
The race is "not to the swift"
If oppression the wrong,
Though led by a chieftain like Nero;
O'er the brow of the brave
Should the laurel only wave
Whom God and the right makes a hero.

War is a great passion
Sublime in its wrath,
Yet devilish in its swelling emotion;
But peace, like a lamb,
Lies down in the fold
Where freedom is the god of devotion.
No gift on the green earth
Is greater than this,
With the stars and the stripes for your banner.
May liberty's fold
Float out o'er the world
Until millions shall cry its hosanna.

THOUGHTS GLEAN'D IN THE STUBBLE.

Here through the stubble I wandered
Gleaning for truth and for light,
Recking not time daily squandered
Garnering thoughts that were bright.

Weaving a web of odd fancies,
Shimmering with beauty, and fine
As the meshes spun by the spider,
To catch all that crosses my line.

Scratching the leaves from the mosses
To look for the greenness long hid,
Noting the growth, and grubbing
When no one suspected I did.

Hunting the folious of nature
To find her teachings were stern;
To be sought with a zeal untiring,
Though rank in their growth as the fern.

Catching the dew drops that glistened
On the honey suckle vine of old time
That sweeten'd the breath of the morning
Long e'er the vintage of wine.

Life is full of buds and of blossoms,
But, only when tended with care,
Will they fill our souls with sweetness
Or bloom to a beauty that's rare.

The loam must be dug, where the mosses
Sleep under the drifts of the storm,
And set in the sunniest window
Of a home that is love-lit and warm.

Then the roses that grow by the hedges
Will brighten the way for your feet;
You will note not the thorns or the brambles
Where the days are both sunny and sweet.

If the stubble of life makes you foot-sore
You must onward, nor think of a stop,
Tho' the harvest you thought would be golden
Has been stole for some old buzzard's crop.

You are heir to a wealth that is earth-locked,
To pick it, no crime or a sin,
All you need is the courage to labor,
And no shame if you honestly win.

To plow on the great, western prairie,
To work for your honey and bread
"By the sweat of your brow" is far sweeter
Than to lie on a thief's downy bed.

The days mark the growth of the seasons,
And the years the growth of the mind ;
But the seed of progression, long scattered,
Will, through labor, her harvest due find.

Then shun not the marsh where the mallow
Grows thick befitting its place ;
For the great law of labor was never
Designed mankind to disgrace.

Such nations are woven with shoddy,
Bad wool from degenerate flock,
Heir-looms of the old, ancient pillory
Where the necks of ye ancestors were stocked

When I find the big bugs 'mong the gleanings
I scratch them with bill and with pen ;
While I claim but the rights of the hunted,
Aye, the flight of an old

PRAIRIE HEN.

HUMAN WANTS AND HUMAN HUNTERS.

I marvel as I note the ways of life,
And man's ambition,
Whose nerve and brain with surging blood
Is bound by a condition
To tempt so far the line of fate,
Ah, then, you must be turning,
Or else your brain will telegraph
Some part of flesh that 's burning.

The motive prompt the will to dare.
But conscience says its risky ;
For years of sorrow, sin and shame
Are jug'd for you in whisky ;
Thus natures law doth bind the will,
And not without a reason,
For mankind here is ever bent
To riot—which is treason.

Law hunts the criminal for offence
And moral degradation ;
Who knows what blood is in his veins
Whose follies his relation ?

He sinks below the brute, but note,
Inherits some good graces,
Of him who lawfully did cheat, but left
Bad blood and silly faces.

The first drank wine, respected codes,
The challenge, dirk and pistol;
His prodigy, when whisky mad,
His ball will past you whistle;
Many, with money, buy the judge
To 'mute the lawful sentence
To set them up as graduates,
With priests to seek repentance.

The others go the way of all
Graded by whisky bottle;
The Almighty law must be appeased,
And so his neck you throttle.
We need the law that none dispute,
But we do—the money handy
That buys the right to save by law
A high-toned thief or dandy.

But human wants and human weal
We still do rudely jostle,
To do by them as Christ would wish
Is still among the fossel,

We hunt the crime, but sell the right
To sin—the ranker treason.
Then justify the act and deed
By law and windy reason.

Now if the law and reason hold
For life among the trenches,
Why not to sift a gram of truth
Through petyfog and benches?
There 's much of sin in broadcloth sure.
I simply ask the question:
Where is the point that does divide
The sins of saint from fustian?

Should we repent in sackcloth—ah!
The thought comes here in flashes;
To cover all the human sins
We might fall short of ashes;
Thus justice hunts the human race,
The crimes among the masses,
But the finest point in law to tell
The thorough-breds from asses.

When out amid the stubble-fields
I never cease to marvel,
And wonder if the tangled ways
This age will yet unravel.
The rights of women, wrongs of men,
Where to divide the cradle
Behind what bar the biggest knave.
Which side is most unstable.

"HOW OLD"

A dandy dress'd fellow
In broad-cloth and plug,
Stepped into a car
And over the rug;
Bowed gracefully to an old man,
Shook heartily his hand
Where the cool breeze of summer
His brew gently fan'd.

"We have met before,
Tho' I can't call your name;"
"No doubt," with a look
Bewildered or feigned,
"You seem very hearty
Tho' your grey hairs bespeak
More years than the wrinkles
That furrow your cheek."

"How old do you call yourself?"
Slill holding his hand,
"If I may make bold
With a grey bearded man;"

"Well, my name is Cotton
More homespun than fine,
After that comes my father's
The whole name to combine.

"I have traveled much
Since I met you before—
There's my toe for your impudence,
Ahead the car door;
My age, my dear sir,
You greatly mistook,
I'm too old to loose
My old luther book.

The dandy made tracks
Without much delay,
Forgetting the compliments
Of a hasty good-day;
While I, eating plums
Like little Jack Horner,
Thought that little joker
Caught the Jack on the corner.

TO MY SISTER.

How strange it is we know the right
Yet oft the wrong pursue,
Spurning the happiness beyond
That waits the good and true;
No joy can come to such their life
Has nought but what is ill,
They only walk life's hidden path
Led by a stubborn will.

Love's gentle voice no echo's find
Within their dull, cold breast
They find no joy in life or friends,
Their spirit has no rest;
No eye responds to loving glance,
No heart-beat gives them pain,
Like those who suffer, but to wait
For what may come again.

Friends gather 'round us when we give
Them tender words and smiles,
And sister it is better far,
Though they wrong us all the while;

Some sacrafice we ought to make
In feelings for each other,
I never find the task to hard,
When done for sake of mother.

For I remember how her love
Has shadowed all my years,
Her gentle kindness shielded acts
That caused her many tears ;
Be kind and thoughtful for her wants,
Her drafts on us are small
Contrasted with the love and toil
Spent on her children all.

The weary years have slowly passed,
Her hair grows white with age ;
May we all strive to turn for her
Life's brightest, fairest page ;
For every blessing, great or small,
Shared here with one another,
God only gives to each and all
"The love of but one mother."

THE SHRINES, THE GOLDEN CALF AND THE WORSHIPPERS.

PILES of brick and marble, grand and fine,
Where the costly pilgrims daily come
To offer on the shrines
Greenbacks and gold;
Where poor souls are tortured by the wiles and smiles
Of naughty clerks,
Who cannot find the styles, in shade or fold
To suit the suit seekers.
Thus I heard one moan—
"Dear Mr. Yardstick, we have travel'd all the day
(Hunting a pretty fellow,)—no idle play,
(Trying to catch,)
For this most lovely color, "moon on the lake"
A perfect match,
And still we seek among the shams and Sams
For samples.
Poor tapering bodies,
How hard your fate alack!
To travel over mountains of despair

Like mules with packs,
Made up of Storey's paper,
Humping, like them,
Your back.
But still your strength will surely bear you on
To Field's where Leiter's colors never fail to match,
If your poor pa can scratch
Enough to pay the bill,
No matter if it leaves an empty till ;
Here you can sun and sum your styles and soul,
Here waste the hours and sweetness,
Here bill to bank your gold,
Where follies rule,
Where grace and fashion sway,
Where strong temptations lead the weak astray,
Where envy riots,
Where the green eyes shade,
Contrasting calico with stiff brocade.
Where come the fine, the fair, the frail, ah ! many
Who have no regal sense to guide them
When, or how, or where to spend their penny ;
Who buy because it is the fashion, not their needs,
And force their actual wants to mournful weeds,
And then, when Samuel growls,
Grows crusty o'er his tea
Wishing so many naughty things spel'd with a D.

How droopy grow your styles at home,
Telling how pa
Never let such trifles light as these
His spirit jar.
What sorry pictures pen and ink could paint
Of female weakness not confined to saint,
But trailing after young and old,
From church to dirty docks,
Behind the butcher's wife and she whose
Husband steals, (ah, deals) in stocks.
Ye fashion-worshipers, how unbecoming
Your ribbons are—how very stunning
The gilded chains you wear outside
Your cloak,
To say "our Father" I should think,
Would choke (your pride)
With want and misery grim and gaunt
Your path beside ;
The golden calf you worship makes you thin,
Wears out Sam's patience and devours his tin ;
He is no calf of straw.
Content with stubble ; but you must
Feed him high, and fee
Him double. Stalled in high
Places, if he capers or does cater,
He nods—you lose—he tallies tiths
your bills and checks your paper.
Poor martyrs ! queens of pave and palaces ;

Your wasted lives, rich in nothing
But its naughty falacies ;
Crowned and gilded with the softest metal,
Because you are so softish—ah ! woe man,
When you sweep by ; in my despair
I note what ragged, dirty, trails you wear—
Storm-tossed on pave and wave of fashion
When your sails and strings do flutter,
I stutter—"please sample for repair—"
And don't be always matching,
What then ? I hide again,
Knowing if you could catch the wretch
You 'd wring the neck of this old hen—
And check her scratching.

LET ME SLEEP.

LET me sleep where no marble
Shall cover the mound,
Where the hills and the valleys lie warm,
Where the wild flowers and grass
May grow, wave and bloom,
Only moved when they sway to the storm.

I should restless lie,
If the cold granite stone
Lay heavily o'er my breast,
For the spirit to God
Delectable would soar
Where the weary, untroubled, may rest.

Let the green sod cover
Me over so light,
The night dews can filter the soil,
Where no hand or trowel
Has tilled the fresh earth,
Its wild, native beauty to spoil.

I have stood many times
By monuments high,
To feel but a shud'ring dread
Of the cold grey shadows
That drifted across
The graves of the unloved dead.

There you trace and carve,
On the marble fair,
Floral gift for the death-wing'd dove,
But it brings no throb
To the heart now still,
That in life was starved for your love.

The wild rose that sweetens
The air on the heath,
Uncarress'd by tiller of the soil,
Brings us nearer to God,
For his hand guides the bud
To be beautiful, unmarr'd by life toil.

Then despoil not my resting-place
With emblem of pride,
That will cause e'en a shadow to creep,
Let the sun warm the seed
And the bloom will be fair
O'er my low grave memento to keep.

Where the sigh of the breeze,
Like Œlian harp,
Softly whispers the long summer through;
Where the wild bird does poise,
In ærial flight,
To sip from the blue-bell the dew.

O'er my dreamless rest,
May the golden-hued sun
Light the dawn to the evening clouds deep,
Where thoughts still'd to prayer,
By the hush on the air
Whisper my beloved doeth sleep.

ODE TO THE BEAUTIFUL WATERS OF OCONOMOWOC.

Ocono ! Ocono ! lovly waters so pure,
The life-healing breeze of thy balmy winds are sure,
Here, no taint of the world pales the beautiful green
Whose bowers of beauty through thy summer are seen ;
The trees droop their branches gracefully low,
Just kissing the dash of thy waters below,
Where I've watched the bright clouds mirror'd in peace
Gliding on by the rain-bow that spaneth the East.

The song of the bird and the dip of his wing
By thy banks and these waters to life give a tinge,
As bright as the clouds that pale on our sight
These soft summer evenings to the silver of night ;
The white-crested foam that lies 'round thy shore
Reminds me of beauty I 've read of in lore,
Like the delicate ruff, fair girlhood might wear
Making fairer the bloom by the white circling there.

May thy musical waves lull all passion to rest,
Be they wicked or weary, who toss on thy breast,
And the murmuring winds as they waft them along
Whisper life is the sweeter the freer of wrong ;

May no trail of the serpent cover thy vine
Or curse this Eden of nature devine,
May purity here with thy summer bloom come,
Dwelling in safty from badness and rum.

Sweet baby blossoms the buds of the spring,
Here like the wild-bird blessing should bring
Caroling sweetness on the free air
Knowing no sorrow while life is so fair ;
Here should the heads silvered by time
Grow in the graces that truth makes sublime ;
Here may no blight life's golden sheaves bear,
Love and prosperity ever my prayer.

Long in my memory a picture I 'll keep
Of this still, quiet evening, all nature asleep,
This green, sloping hill-side where sunbeams are caught
Making life here beautiful,—Oconomowoc !

"THE BONE OF CONTENTION."

With a Hash Moral.

The night before Christmas
Not far from ——— town,
Two middle-aged people
By their fire-side sat down ;
By the frown on their face
And the look of their eye,
I surmized for the twain
That trouble was nigh.
During forty-three years
They onward had wended,
The wife worked the hardest
And kept everything mended ;
She 'rose first in the morning
To kindle a fire,
And cook a nice breakfast
To suit his desire.
Thus she managed by pinching,
Saving butter and stuff,
To buy all her clothes
And now and then a ruff ;

But he often borrowed
Of her small little store,
Until this kind of business
Became quite a bore,
His harvest was golden
But he hoarded it all ;
And still on his wife's purse
Continued to call.
The trouble between them
Grew too warm for my story,
And by Christmas the thing
Was a young purgatory,
And trying in vain
The whole fuss to mend,
They called in to aid them
A neighboring friend.
She was an old lady
In the furnace long tried,
And a mother of wisdom
With experience wide ;
As she drew on her socks
To go at their call,
She look'd like a martyr
To humanity all ;
For her time and her patience
Was worn by demands
So constantly urged
On this old lady's hands ;

I gave a sly wink
As she passed from the house,
Every feature composed,
Her step like a mouse,
And I said to myself,
The pork and hash story
Will again be re-hashed
In all of its glory.
I will here make digression
To tell you the joke,
And swear it 's no fiction,
By the power I invoke.
Away in the East,
Not far from the "Hub,"
This couple first settled
Their domestic tub.
And nearing the time
When the honey-moon waned,
This lord of the manor,
Thinking he was ordained
By the preacher who spliced them,
To lord it o'er her,
About his breakfast
Began to demur.
"Hash!" said he, "I won't eat it!"
And this masculine tall
Threw the odious hash
All over the wall.

"And this greasy pork,
To eat that I won't,"
And the pork followed hash
On the floor at the front.
The hash on the wall
Looked badly enough,
But the grease on her floor
Her spirits did crush.
That white pine floor
She had scrubbed for dear life,
To make his home pleasant,
Like a dutiful wife;
She stood a few moments,
The whole thing survey'd,
Then moved a few steps
To pick up the babe.
As she folded the boy
In maternal embrace,
Though young in her motherhood,
She boldly did face
This lord of the manor,
And quietly spoke,
"To me, John Doughface,
This is no joke;
You provided—I cooked
What you saw fit to bring,
And now, right here,
I vow to one thing,

You must pick up that breakfast
Wasted like swill,
And eat it.
Or go to my mother I will;
And never again
Beyond your door
Will I or this child
Cross your threshold o'er;
His temper had cooled,
The hash was well mixed,
But he was in a
Most damnable fix;
Disgrace ahead
"That 's what 's the matter,"
As he spooned up his diet
On to the platter.
He spoke not a word,
His mien it was meek,
As true as the Gospel
He ate up his meat;
Ah! but all day long,
By the look of his phiz,
The grease on his stomach
I think must have riz.

To go back to my story,
The years rolled apace

Bringing much tribulation
But I think no disgrace ;
Yet he doled out his money,
All the harder she worked
While his coffers grew richer
The "voser" he shirked.
The lines on her face
Grew deeper with care,
But few, as a bride,
I hear, were more fair ;
And a secret unrest
Ever lay at her heart,
In which neither friend
Or the world had a part ;
Now this brings us back
To the hour and the eve
When a mediator came
To these parties aggrieved ;
The old lady spoken of
In the first verse,
I need not again
To you here rehearse,
But playing Asmodius
I entered the roof,
And stole all the facts
To write in this proof,
The old man was churning
Away at the butter,

When flurried he has
A perceptible stutter ;
The wife, as usual,
Was doing the chores,
Made up of dish-washing
And scrubbing the floors.
The lady walked in,
They offered a chair,
She quietly took it,
With preoccupied air,
And waited for them,
After the greeting
To decide who and which
Should open the meeting;
The wife's heart was full.
But he like a stock
Prepared to stand
An earth-quake shock.
"She told her story
Of wrongs long endured,
Of the weary, weary years
From toil not insured ;
Of how he ever
Had lorded it much,
Over her and her conscience
Until to God it was such
She could bear it no longer
And live, though disgrace

Should never be lifted
From home or her face."
These two old people
Grown grey with the years,
In battle array,
Through trials and tears,
Grew fierce in their wrath
And fought for their rights,
Right under the wings
Of God's Christmas night.

"I gave her, said he
Four thousand in gold,
When a few years since,
Many acres I sold."
"She help'd you to earn it"—
That was a stub
Put in by the mediator,
Just for a rub.
"He wants to get off,
Says "this place is 'nt sound,"
And is trying to sell,
All we have in the town.
I have dragged 'round the world
Until I 'm nearly worn out,
While he has grown tired of me
Of that, there 's no doubt;
Let him do his best,
All we 've got to sell,

I swear I won't sign
Spite of — ' (oh ! naughty pen don't tell.)
Then up spoke the mediator:
"Hushed be your wrath,
God joined you together
And marked out a path;
You 've trod it together
Through many long years,
Better 'bide still together
Through trials and tears ;
Your wife has worked hard
And help'd you to earn ;
You admit this much,
Then why do you turn
And say no provision
For her you will make,
Unless in the future
She still come at your beck ?
She says for your children
You will not provide ;
And a good many tricks
Which belittle your hide
She's concealed from the world,
Until her conscience doth howl,
And she feels she shall surely
Toot like an owl.
Where will this all end ?
In shame and disgrace ;

To be quit of each other,
You will make too great haste ;
The time sure will come
Though now so contrary,
When you'd gladly come back
To your old wife Mary.
Supposing you separate,
What will you do
To make all even
Between her and you?"
"Well, I 'll give her a third
Of all I possess,
For I cannot live in this way
I 'm frank to confess."
"Dividing your interest,
But living still here,
Who would provide
For the household, good cheer?"
"We would each do for self
Whatever we wish'd,
Keeping ever between us
A separate dish."
"Now stop for a moment,
To travel this way
You 'll find in the end
It 's no idle play ;
You will then as now
Continue to fight,

While the bone of contention
Will be money and rights.
Here 's a daughter to school
To clothe and to feed,
Whose right will it be
To provide for her need ?"
"I will give her a thousand
And that must suffice."
"But that would be niggardly
In most people's eyes.
Between you twain
Let this crazy thing end,
And continue to live
Like old lovers and friends ;
You each have your duties,
Each should have rights,
And yield to them gracefully,
Not force them by fights ;
Love one another,
Is my blessing and prayer,
And I think you 'll agree
To do what is fair.
Your lives will be cursed
If you thus do divide,
And go from each other,
To roam far and wide;
This is all I can do,
To wish you both well,

Hoping you both in peace
In the future may dwell."
As the old lady bade them
A graceful good-bye,
I felt inclined thusly,
A moral to try.
To all married people,
On each Christmas night,
To renew all the old vows
And try to do right.
Be lovely together,
Do nothing blind,
For all your weak points
Your wife sure will find.
But if you should quarrel,
Pray do nothing rash,
And beware of the future,
If you ever spill hash;
For hash is a mixture
That seldom sets well,
And what it is made of
Poor cooks never tell.
If your temper should rise,
Spill no fat of the swine,
When your breakfast don't suit,
Or the meal where you dine.
For the grease of a hog
If it chance to be hot,

Wherever it falls
Makes a very bad spot.
Proves the times are so billious,
And the fact without doubt,
That late years the grease spots
Are seldom washed out.
If in the morning of life
The wife had her way,
Time proved he forgave not,
And the future must pay.
He paid it with interest,
Showed her 't was no frolic,
For in sixty years it ceased not
To give him the colic.
"Sink or swim," "live or die,"
Whatever prevails,
Better bide still together
Nor try for entails.
For these marital relations
Make the gossips all sneeze,
And whisper—"the old rat!"
Dont tell if you please.
Thus endeth my story,
And here I declare
By the "new Pilgrims' Progress,"
To both I 've been fair.
In their orthodox faith
May they travel toward God,

And at last sleep together
Under Nature's green sod.
In writing this story
I 've avoided dereliction,
Since modern life, now days,
Is stranger than fiction.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

or an Old Lady's experience in Farming.

A great commotion in the house
Caused by rumors from the farm ;
Some of the heirs in line direct
Are surely quite alarmed ;
Grand-ma is on the *qui-vive*,
Expecting daily news,
The stages are so very slow
She fairly gets the blues ;
The master is so late to tea
Increases apprehension,
And Grand-ma watching, wonders what
Has caused this long detention.

She sighs and dreams she sees the farm
In reckless ruin laid ;
The cedar poles have all been cut
And naught for them been paid ;
The shanghais have forgot to crow,
Perchance, their necks were wrung ;
By the simmering of the farm-house pot
She hears their requium sung.

Her ancient coach, minus the top,
That carried her to "meeting,"
Seems like all transitory things
Just on the eve of fleeting;
Old jack has graced its thills so long,
Will you believe it when
I tell you that 's been offered up
For just a paltry ten.

Just three times three
With added six
Would number all her dams,
And one besides the pride of these
She counts her blooded ram;
News coming of declining wool
Roused her to bet a button,
This was a speculator's plea
To get too cheap her mutton.

The next report that came to hand
Told of a hog diseased,
And this of course aroused her ire
Which nothing could appease;
She thought her eldest son was crazed
He spoke so very rough,
Advising her to "fling away
Her pork as d—d old stuff;"
This little corn-fed hog had been
Her most especial charge,

And she designed him for to feed
Her family so large ;
All summer in her tater fields
He did her murphys dig,
"Good heavens !" she cried,
The end has come
They 've cuss'd my titman pig.

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

Oh, God ! mysterious are Thy ways,
Since the first sunny rays
Flooded the world with light ;
No wills of ours defend,
On Thee we all depend
From birth to death's dark night.

Dear friend, how bright the gleams
We 've had of thee in dreams—
Too fair to last ;
Brave for the right, too soon
Death's blight o'er thy fair bloom
It's gloom has cast.

Was there no human skill
E'en thy disease could quell,
No hand could stay,
No love that held thee back,
From the dark, dismal track
That points the "narrow way."

Strong in thy faith, and pure,
It helped thee to endure
The pangs no tongue can tell ;
To leave thy loved ones fair
In the "good Father's care,"
"Who doeth all things well."

TO THE PARENTS OF A YOUNG MAN WHO ACCIDENTALLY SHOT HIMSELF.

I come with a heart full of sadness,
Your grief and your sorrow to share;
Oh, why is your life so o'er-burdened,
It seems more than mortal can bear.
This child, in the freshness of boyhood,
Though wayward, he tried you at times,
Still you had a strong hope in his future,
For he was the last of your line.

The mysteries of life grow deeper,
The longer the span of our years,
Bringing doubts of the Good Father's wisdom,
When afflicted with sorrow and tears.
The world, by his death, points a lesson,
But now he lies under the sod,
It is safe, wherever his spirit,
To trust him alone with his God.

For I feel that the dead are immortal,
That float from our presence unseen—
"Not lost," for God, in His promise,
Has said that "His pastures are green."

To you the spring turf will look greener,
The bloom of the summer more fair,
While the golden hued tints of the autumn
Will soften by sorrow to prayer.

There is peace for those who lie sleeping,
At rest from the turmoils of life,
The cares of the busy years ended
No more to be vexed by their strife ;
You both growing old here together
Have out-lived youth's summer of joy,
But to each may the other be drearer
While you grieve o'er the loss of your boy ;
The last bond of love's earlier union,
A broken link now on life's page,
God will'd it—may it guide you still nearer
To him—beyond the clouds of your silver old age.

FROM STUBBLE TO MARKET.

My pen or pencil may not quote,
The grains of thought correct.
Or bill them for the market,
"Graded select."
Since I did gather them irregular,
Working for my porridge,
Where grammar was not taught,
Or women booked
Brain wise enough for college.

But fortune, the "fickle jade"
Has been unfair,
And I resolved to waste no longer.
My greenness on the prairie air,
To work and scratch my way from poverty.
Not born of shame,
Out of the cold, to the buttered
Side of life again.

What more do we poor mortals need?
You looked surprised because I add:
A few old styles remodeld,
Thoughts revised,

Brings me to muscle,
That must have meat,
And all who here would eat.
The bread of honest labor, must strive
To win by brain or hand,
The honey for their hive.

Thus have I toiled for sweets,
For wool to spin my yarn,
Which may be "shoddy,"
Yet its warmth is better for adversity
Than airer styles,
Fashion quotes "nobby."
Far from Minnesota's fields of stubble—
This old hen ærial
Has winged her way to where you buy
And sell the cereal;

Here in Chicago folds her wings,
To offer this edition—
Where my father, brother,
Bought and worked
For their commission—
Here I do seek a bid for this volume—
Serious and funny—
Because I need to work—
Nay bluff—
Like you, for money.

Your city has a home for all,
A greeting fair
For those who have the will to strive,
The pluck to dare.
To compensate the workers for their task,
What more can labor of the world here ask?
Driven here by adverse gales,
And a bloated snob,
Who thought it would be better
To look farther for a job.
I bless the guiding star of fate,
That led me to these
Shores, tho' late.
To find my dinner
For I have a will to work and faith to wait
Like any saint or sinner.
My heritage was "Shortage,"
On my father's gain,
But what was better far,
He will'd me an honest name.
No bank was ever corner'd
On his check,
His wheat did all inspect,
Good as the gold,
And to his Maker his bill of laden bore
The record of an unsold soul.

I still remember this
And ask no favor of your will—
Unless you find the measure square,
That checks the bill.
Hoping there is no sample book'd
Unfit to table,
For running rhyme like cargo,
Will shift, and when you drift
You need to change the anchor,
Line and cable.
With little time to choose,
What chain of thought will hold.
To keep a lightly laden'd bark off shore
Where rocks abound
And critics turn wreckers bold.
Thus rides my bark at anchor,
With folded sail and wing,
Fearing a blow,
But if you give support
I need not fear the undertow;
Praying you will not mark me,
"Shed rejected,"
"Too much screenings"—
While I wait for you to buy at "option"
My gleanings;
Here like Ruth of old with barley
Gathered in my hand,

I rest beneath the shade—
Timid, afraid—
Not knowing whether these wild flowers
Will prove an "Eastern Star" of hope
Whose gain will double,
Or leave me with clip'd wing
Beating against the stubble.
Where most respectfully
I do pen—
Yours truly,
AN OLD PRAIRIE HEN.

POSTSCRIPT.

It is an old adage that a woman never finishes a letter without a p. s. and leaving I might be haunted with a duty neglected I have decided to keep the tradition good as one of the feminine rights never yet disputed by mankind, thus I come to close this little volume with a post-script revelation, and a strange coincident that occurred before this book was ever thought of by the author, but in the end became identified with the work.

I shall simply give the facts. Two years ago I was spending the summer in a country town not far from Chicago—during the time I was there I was awaken'd at mid-night from a deep sleep by the report of a gun that sounded like a rifle, shot off at the back of my head. I was alone in the room at the time, and, as the house was a farm house with nothing to tempt a burglar, concluded something must have blown down, (although it was a still, sultry night) having no fears of nocturnal visitors and hearing nothing more I soon fell asleep. I related the circumstances next morning to the family (who had heard nothing) and thought no more about it. A number of weeks after, I heard it again in the dead hours of the night, the same sharp rifle report at the back of my head. My husband at this time, was off in the wheat fields of Iowa with a party of hunters "bagging chickens," and I felt wor-

ried over the strange affair. I said to my friends again, somebody must be after me, with a rifle; but, getting news from the hunters daily, my anxiety was lulled and I forgot all about the mid-night gun. Leaving the farm soon after, and becoming absorbed in other things, with new ideas, I wrote my piece entitled, "Pen Skeletons of the Brain." I thought seriously of offering it for publication to a local magazine in a neighboring city, but my courage failed and I laid it away among my self-rejected literary papers.

Several months after I made another visit to the farm house and a few nights after my arrival, I was awakened again by a rifle report, (this was the third time always in the same place, and sleeping alone. I asked myself what does this mean? I discussed it with the family next morning, as a very singular affair, and they knowing my utter disbelief in spiritualism, hobgoblins, dreams, etc., felt like myself it was very strange; but as we could find no solution to the mysterious gun, it passed as a nine days wonder, "and outward bound." I forgot in the excitement of travel and change the skeleton hunter who I fancied was after my head. Shortly after my husband became a resident of Chicago, hoping in this great field of work for all, to win back a portion of a competency that had been scratched away from us by a "double entry" pen-holder (who did not leave us a dry loaf of bread.) I had remodeled my old styles until they had lost all semblance of the original cut-cloth or color, and were *too original*, for admittance into toney society, leaving me worse off than "Miss Flora McFlimsey," with nothing to do, as well as "nothing to wear." To covet is wicked, (daily practiced) but who ever heard of its

paying a meat bill or a milliner. "An idle tongue leads to gossip," like "idle hands to mischief," by putting the latter to work the former would find no time to retail scandal or fashion. This decided me to try and win a penny loaf for a dyspeptic stomach, and mayhaps a dollar for a dyspeptic purse, (with pen and brain.) To work for bread, is a stronger incentive to labor, than to write for fame, for you can eat the former, but on the latter you would starve if hungry, and freeze with the thermometer below zero. For weeks I wrote and scratched under the depressed feeling I should never dare publish. On the night of Feb. 12, 1874, I retired to rest, weary and disappointed with my literary efforts—long past midnight I was awakened from a deep sleep by the boom of a gun—while, at the same time, there seemed to flash light to my eyes, and a voice, more to my sense of thought than sound to the ear, said, "this book is your gun." I was so startled I awakened my husband and related the occurance; He like myself never has been a believer in spirit manifestations. But I must admit for truth's sake, I felt as if a load had been lifted from heart and brain; My work grew pleasant and labor light I had been dissatisfied all along at the name I had selected for the book as it was not original enough to suit me and I discarded it, although I had none in view. A short time after, (the one which now graces its covers) came to me like a revelation, with this unique design, to have the mysterious gun revealed in this way, (as I had not thought of it in connection with this book and in fact, did not attempt it until more than a year after the first gun,) has led me to these reflections, that reason has been the bond-slave of theology for ages,

and the world has truckled to it, forgetting that God created it as broad as the grand prairies of Illinois, prolific in its growth as the wild grasses, but black with darkness as these Western acres after a prairie fire; because the hell-fire doctrins have dried all the sap at its roots, and burnt the living life out of the seed; but the shackles of old isms are burnt assunder by their own brimstone, and the dawn of soul freedom, whose germ has survived the pilgrims and bloody wars of "fighting believers" is budding to blossom in a purer faith that God is the father of all, instead of God the preacher who did with Adam fall. Scoff as we may, at these strange phenomena, we still live amid the mysteries of life and the world, and I believe the prophet is unborn who can "pluck a quill from the wing of time," and trace from lowly life to sublime realities, the great unsolved problems of humanity, whose germ is hid from science, whose future is beyond creeds, in the hands of the glorious giver, God.

In conclusion, I would say to me, there is a strong combination in these events that may baffle the divinitory powers of "dream believer" of such I ask these questions.

Was the brother who died from starvation in the rocky mountains, the skeleton hunter whose rifle I heard so many times at midnight? or did the gifted brother long since dead, cover me with his mantle of poesy, whom I unconsciously invoked in my pen skeleton of the brain.

Strangest of all, did my pet sister who died in the bloom of girl-hood, leaving a memento of her work in a beautiful herbaniun of wild flowers, suggest to me also at midnight the original design and title of this

book. It is a problem I cannot solve and leave it to wiser heads to ponder an answer, "from the humblest instruments good is sometimes accomplished" and, if any one finds a grain of truth between these covers or a pleasant thought for a dull hour the wish and hope of the writer of these pages will be fulfiled. It seems as if this gun pointed the way for me to try and win back the loaf that floated off on a wave of ink guided by the pen of a thief, leaving me the unbuttered and fustian side of life. It may be a bloated idea as bread is apt to be that has soaked long, but I shall not regret the wild flowers of my prairie home, nor the harvest of plenty in the past, if in the stubble of adversity I grow to be a wiser, better, more charitable and helpfull

PRAIRIE HEN.

"LAST BUT NOT LEAST."

I notice in literature,
Of follies there's thrice
More puffing of styles
Than the "pearl of great price:
Every paper is filled
With quackery enough
To make a big seth-pool
Of worthless old stuff;
But I, like the rest,
Must admit the soft passion.
And deny not the truth,
That I'm in for the fashion;
Thus, if I embalm,
On this line and level,
MR. FRARY, my publisher,
Who started a "*devil*,"
I shall be up with the times,
And accused of no lie—
As clear as this printer
Who can unmix a "*pi*."
His many warm friends
Will be glad here to meet,

And to know his deft fingers
Set these pages so neat.
I bespeak for his house
A patronage fair,
For his style and his cards
Are set up with care;
I admire his pluck,
And wish him good-speed,
With his earnest endeavors,
He can't but succeed.

Compliments of the Author to Mr. H. H. Frary.

JUN 78

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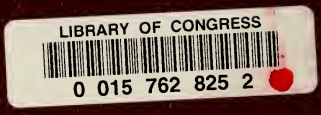
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